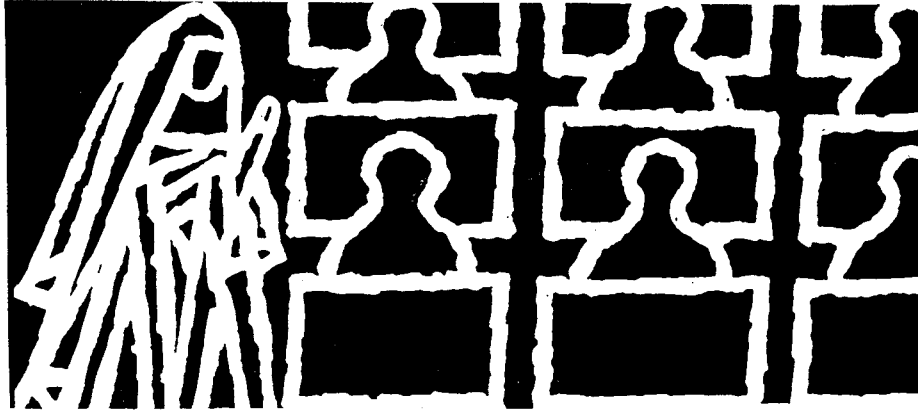


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Commonweal



Education Issue

ONE YEAR LATER

Further thoughts on 'Are Parochial Schools the Answer?'

Mary Perkins Ryan



THE BROTHER

Brother K. Basil O'Leary

THOSE EXPENSIVE LAY TEACHERS

Anthony E. Seidl

**PUTTING
OUR
MONEY
WHERE
OUR
GROWTH
IS....**

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SAINT PETER'S COLLEGE, JERSEY CITY, N. J. 07306



IF ARISTOTLE WENT TO FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY

He would find the architecture of the modern, uncolumned buildings a little strange. Only the style of the older bank buildings on the Post Road in town would be familiar. When he watched television in the student lounges, he might wonder if Lyndon Baines Johnson and Everett McKinley Dirksen were quite a match for Demosthenes.

As he pursued his peripatetic course around Fairfield's 200 hillside acres overlooking Long Island Sound, his toga would blend more easily with the flowing cassocks of the Jesuits than with the students' sport coats and slacks. After meeting the many Jesuits (average age 41—rather youthful for men who have studied so long), he might revise his notion that priestly duties belong to citizens who are too old for other responsibilities.

Aristotle was strong in affirming that men need virtuous friends with whom to rejoice and grieve as well as to share in discussion and thought and good deeds. "This is what living together would seem to mean in the case of men, and not, as in the case of cattle, feeding in the same place." He would learn that the college community at Fairfield—the majority boarders—approximates his ideal. And he would applaud the high place given in this community to good teachers.

He would discover that student language is as vivid as Greek—but a bit more imprecise. He'd miss enclitics. Of course, he could take refuge in a Greek class with a few kindred spirits.

But undoubtedly he would prefer to spend time in the labs to learn the newest finds in physics, chemistry and biology. He would tell pre-med students stories of his father Nicomachus, who was physician to Amyntas II, King of Macedonia, and he would encourage the students in their hospital work and their cancer research.

He would be happy to find that faculty and students are still concerned with man's nature, the purpose of life and the qualities of the virtuous, happy man in society. He would be at home in the searching discussions about everything on earth and in the heavens. The advances in love of one's fellow men brought by Christian thought would certainly come in for close scrutiny. After all, he once wrote that free, equal men should be bound together by universal justice and by friendship—voluntary interchange of services and the highest manifestation of justice. This he would discuss with lay missionary and Peace Corp volunteers, as well as with other Fairfield students who have organized to help the economically and culturally deprived.

As he listened to lectures on modern history, he'd be a little sad that the quality of crises had changed so little since the days of Sparta's defeat by Thebes, the fumbling attempts at unity by the Greek city-states, the loss of Grecian independence and the push toward world domination by Alexander. But then he had recognized rather early that the struggle to maintain a free and just life in society is never finished. He'd leave the classroom saying, εὐτύχημα (good luck)."

His strongest disagreement with the students—but not with the faculty—would come in the area of student music for "mixers" and campus entertainment. On some loud wailing night he'd probably mutter Στοκῶσκι, καλός; Βεάτλες, κακός.

For Aristotle had the quaint notion that music should promote the rational enjoyment of leisure and should ennoble the soul of the future citizen. No wonder Aristotle lived to be 62, a remarkable age for a boy from Stagira in the Fourth Century B.C.

Fairfield University, Fairfield, Connecticut

CORRESPONDENCE

Pacem in Terris

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: The appraisals of the recent Convocation on *Pacem in Terris* by Ned O'Gorman and Peter Steinfelds [March 19] were witty, biting, generally accurate, and, I am afraid, a little too one-sided. The impression was conveyed that the Convocation was more of a gigantic pep-rally than a serious contribution to world peace. I feel obliged to comment that it was precisely because the meeting was a pep-rally that it was able to make a contribution.

The most concrete result of the Convocation was that it made a discussion of peace a very respectable occupation. While it is true that merely giving respectability to talk seems a very insignificant gain, one must remember that those who have engaged in conversations about peace have not always held places of honor in our society. Too frequently those who suggest that at least a portion of the effort and energy (physical, financial, intellectual and moral) which goes into military defense plans might properly be used to search out peace on earth have been dismissed from serious consideration. "Crackpots," "pinkos," "beatniks," "idealists," "softies," or (most damning of all) "pacifists": these are some of the more endearing epithets rightly or wrongly attached to those who question the build-up of nuclear arms, the war in Vietnam, the Berlin deadlock, or our relations with Red China.

When Pope John wrote his encyclical two years ago, someone remarked that he had snatched the peace banner from the hands of the Communists. Possibly the greatest single effect of the New York Hilton meeting was that it snatched the peace banner from the hands of the "unrespectables." The Convocation was a pep-rally for peace, addressed and attended by the very best people, in the very best of surroundings, and under the very best of sponsorships.

Mr. O'Gorman says that he had heard all of the ideas before in a bar. But I wonder if Mr. O'Gorman's bar was crowded with persons of the stature and the potential for future influence of those who crowded Mr. Hutchins' pep-rally.

If the Convocation achieved nothing more than changing the image of the peacemonger, it achieved much of lasting importance.

(REV.) PETER J. HENRIOT, S.J.

Germans Against Hitler

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors: The review of Gregor Roy amazes me [*The Men Who Tried to Kill Hitler/Germans Against Hitler*, March 19]. He calls the 20th of July uprising in 1944 brilliant and well planned. This runs counter to everything I have read in almost all historical presentations. As a matter of fact this review leaves out everything that concerns the books in question and gives us a rather novel interpretation of the whole episode. Nobody denies the courage of the rebels. However, you do not judge a conspiracy according to the good intention of the conspirators, but according to the results and the competence of the persons engaged. The indecisiveness of General Beck, the talkativeness of Goerdeler and the uncounted missed occasions are in themselves a sample of how not to start a rebellion. The hero Stauffenberg walked away from the bomb to become the new clean dictator, instead of staying with his timebomb, to make sure that this time they really got Hitler. The bickering about their new jobs after the death of Hitler borders on childishness. Himmler is in on the secret, which is a bad thing, but not for our conspirators. To make all fully suspicious, the conspirators after establishing themselves in office will negotiate with the Allies on the basis of the 1939 frontiers—in other words they will accept the loot of the Fuehrer as a basis of negotiations. Your reviewer is scornful of all who might protest against the myth he wants us to accept as historical truth. Unfortunately he will find credit with many who can't

square the *Wirtschaftswunder* with the Nazi regime and its acceptance in so many hearts in Germany. If I may make a suggestion, I would advise the writer to go to his predecessors' memoirs, historical reports and the simple facts. He can start with Gisevius and end with Shirer. (REV.) H. A. REINHOLD

"Growing Up Catholic"

Hayward, Calif.

To the Editors: Wilfrid Sheed's "Growing Up Catholic" [February 26] spoke directly to my trauma, a product of several years of participation in church activities. The last time the dark night of the soul turned into a total blackout, I sent an unprintable letter to my diocesan paper complaining that Catholic organizations leave the layman submerged in rippling trivia. That was pretty foolish: an editor in the same swim is not likely to have anything to say but, "Swim along with me." All this illustrates that I was conditioned to receive "Growing Up Catholic" as an evocation of awful reality. Mr. Sheed indeed produced a keeper.

Still, he left some good questions unanswered. If the parishes need a Christian re-birth (they do), how will it happen unless the good Sheeds implant themselves where they can generate new life? If the intellectual will not be caught dead at any parish function except his own funeral, can he complain justly about the intellectual climate of the parishes? His absence is a partial cause of it. If by his own life in the parish he does not demonstrate a willingness to bring something better to bear on parish Catholicism, how can he be surprised by his sense of isolation from the parishioners he encounters? He helps build the moat of indifference that encircles him. If he is not there, say, to suggest that the Holy Name Society is an anachronism, what right does he have to damn anachronisms? He is maintaining other anachronisms, such as that of parishes as institutions for the intellectually inert.

This should not be read as a suggestion that Mr. Sheed invade a parish and stop writing about them. I would like

him to write still more, to go from discussion of the parish to consideration of the parish—and what to do about it.

JOE NOONAN

Small Expectations

Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editors: Msgr. Logal's reply [letter, March 26] to Wilfrid Sheed's, "Growing Up Catholic" appears to have missed the point as far as this particular average, college-educated Catholic housewife (not an intellectual!) is concerned. I have lived in 16 parishes in various parts of the U.S. and Canada and I have become increasingly depressed by the fact that it is precisely the human values in Catholicism (as they are reflected in parish life) which are not taken seriously.

True, all human institutions have human limitations and failings; all of us contribute our share of these. But why do we seem to ask and expect less, humanly speaking, of parish life than of almost any other institution? Other institutions we would change or leave. Is this charity, or in the long run, are we not encouraging the very "sloppy indulgence toward mediocrity" which Mr. Sheed so well describes? A few examples—how many of us would continue to seek treatment from a doctor who hadn't opened a serious medical journal since his graduation 20 years ago? Or would go more than once to a hospital whose departments (X-Ray, Surgery, etc.) indicated operation, staffing and hygiene as far removed from present excellence in medical practice as is the "real" from the "ideal" in most aspects of our parish life? How helpful would it be for us to mentally picture a penicillin shot as our doctor applied leeches to cure our pneumonia? How long would we leave our children in a science class whose teacher told them the world was flat? And how long would we remain in a civic or professional organization where day-to-day reality bears no obvious resemblance to the stated goals and principles of such a group? . . .

Granted, the Church is different. The
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AWAITING NEGOTIATIONS

For months, responsible opinion in this nation and in others has been calling for the United States to both clarify its objectives in Vietnam and facilitate immediate negotiations. The President of the United States has now done exactly that. His speech on Vietnam has been widely applauded; it has temporarily stolen the thunder from domestic and European critics of U.S. policy; it has restored a sense of openness and of initiative to the American approach to Southeast Asia. But the war goes on. The bombings and the terror continue. Peking and Hanoi and Moscow choose not to de-escalate their verbal violence, and term the President's speech "noisy propaganda," "full of lies," "sheer trickery." The observer does well to inquire, "Has anything really happened? Has anything really changed?"

The answer is a very qualified "yes." President Johnson's speech contained four major elements: a statement of what is at stake in Vietnam; a definition of U.S. war aims; an offer to engage in unconditional negotiations; and a proposal for a massive Southeast Asian development project. None of these elements was entirely new. The President's analysis of the Vietnam conflict, the weakest part of his address, was standard White Paper fare. U.S. war aims—an independent South Vietnam free to choose its own destiny—have been stated before by Secretary McNamara. The offer of unconditional negotiations appears as a reversal of policy, but a careful reading of Secretary Rusk's statement of February 25 and the President's statements on March 13 and March 25 reveals that unconditional negotiations were never ruled out. Even the proposal of an Asian "Marshall Plan" was aired by the President a few weeks ago.

What was different was the context, the rhetoric of the message. The President made no appeals to national vanity and emotion; he waved no false flags of "glory" and "honor." Seldom has a leader of a great nation formally pronounced on a war his nation was currently waging

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with so little pride in its power and so much reluctance about that power's use. This was not the manifesto style all too current among new nations, nor was it even Churchillian bulldog oratory. It was the language of minimization, and from it sprang the new hope.

President Johnson's explanation of our commitment in Vietnam travelled at least part of the way toward the truth. The history of our "pledge" to defend Vietnam was rehearsed once more, but the President also clearly related the American commitment to fears for the fate of the rest of Asia and the necessity of encouraging faith in U.S. firmness. This emphasis admits a certain amount of reality into the discussion, where the theory of an irrevocable promise made to Saigon (half a dozen governments ago!) does not.

As for definition of war aims, U.S. goals have clearly been pared to a form of neutralization of South Vietnam, described very rudimentarily in terms of independence, no alliances, and no military bases. The possibility of the Vietnam conflict's being used for a full-scale confrontation with China seems ruled out. This small step toward defining precisely what we want was perhaps the most important section of the President's address.

The offer of unconditional negotiations, however, was the most loudly hailed part of the message. Perhaps the negative response this offer received from China, Russia, and North Vietnam is to be expected—the storm before the calm—and time will bring quiet agreement. Perhaps the U.S. should go even further and offer to negotiate with the Vietcong if North Vietnam is simultaneously part of the negotiations. In any case, the lesson of the President's offer may be to remind the world that negotiations *per se* are no panacea unless all parties to them lower their expectations of what realistically can be gained from the bloody conflict still continuing.

And finally, President Johnson's proposed development plan for all Southeast Asia should be implemented to whatever extent possible, regardless of events in the Vietnamese war. To the degree that the rest of Southeast Asia is strengthened economically and politically, to that degree is the United States freer to come to terms in Vietnam.

HEALTH & SAFETY

To what extent is what is good for the auto industry also good for the country? Its substantial profits do help thousands of stockholders, sustained payrolls provide livelihoods and increased automobiling helps

support many other industries. But should its profits outweigh all other considerations?

Begin with noxious exhaust fumes which plague Los Angeles and threaten other large cities as car population continues to expand. The industry manifests evidence of capability to supply low-cost nitrogen oxide controls, but plans to provide them only on new cars in California in 1966 where and when it is mandatory. And after initial encouragement, Senator Muskie of Maine, who has been conducting hearings of a Senate committee on air and water pollution, has received remarkably similar letters opposing his exhausts-control bill from the Departments of the Interior and of Health, Education and Welfare.

For years the auto makers have paid little heed to appeals from the American Medical Association and others to build more safety into their product. So enthusiastic were the crowds at the International Automobile Show in New York about the glamour of the latest models that few noticed a picket line of thirty doctors protesting the manufacturers' inadequate concern for human life. Here were men who had seen at first hand the tragedies incurred in serious auto accidents.

These "Physicians for Automotive Safety" prescribe seats that are securely fastened, with position locks for front seats on two-door models; effective padding; no projecting knobs; dual braking systems; restraining harnesses instead of seat belts, etc. What causes the mounting toll on highways is well known. Newer cars do have certain safety advances and somewhat reduced exhaust fumes. But there is little to indicate that the auto makers will meet the current need without pressure—from enforced new laws and the demands of a buying public at last as concerned about preserving human lives as it has been about automotive power.

CHEERS AND DEATH

Last week 6,000 New York City policemen cheered William F. Buckley's rear-guard defense of police tactics in Selma. During the same week New York's Puerto Rican community learned that over the two-month period four of its members confined to city jails for various civil wrongs had committed suicide in their cells.

The cheers, as well as the suicides, are aspects of the same despair that hangs over the law enforcement problem in most of our large cities. It pollutes the air quite as effectively as any dark cloud of industrial waste, and breeds the terror and sense of helplessness

that calls for more and more police, stop-and-frisk laws, and tougher penalties all round. It also generates the violence-for-its-own-sake type of crime that keeps a good part of our urban population holed up in their apartments after sundown.

Nobody can say with any certainty what chain of events prompted the suicides; each of the men was in serious trouble of one kind or another. But we do know that all were members of an unesteemed, if not despised, minority group, and that all had been through the crushing process of arrest, interrogation, and at least preliminary courtroom hearings. On the basis of recent revelations of the brutal conditions prevailing in the city's jails, not to mention the interrogation methods employed by officers in the Whitmore case, it should come as no surprise when some, and not particularly these men, give in totally to despair. But police procedure is only one thing, and basically limited at that; the other is the life in the slums from which these men came and to which they would have been returned.

What prompts expressions of despair from police across the country is another impossible situation. Part of this can be seen in police complaints of non-cooperation from the courts and citizens in general, though they also have some validity. It is more evident in their almost unanimous support of capital punishment as a deterrent, despite statistics to the contrary, their almost casual requests for police dogs in situations where their effect would be little more than psychological, and the ready attention police in many cities give to those who detect Communist influence in any social protest action.

Yet rarely does any high-ranking law enforcement official condemn, or even acknowledge, the squalid social conditions where crimes of violence, drug addiction and the rackets are most prevalent. On the contrary, during last year's riots in Harlem (which quickly spread to Negro ghettos in other cities), Police Com-

missioner Michael Murphy proclaimed the disturbances a criminal problem, not a sociological one. However, Commissioner Murphy is paid to be a police officer, concerned with crime, not a sociologist. He knows his job, and the fact that he and other policemen must try to maintain law an order virtually alone, with little effective help that goes to the social root of their problem, must at the very least enlist our sympathy.

For it is obvious that both police and the minorities in the urban slums are fighting a battle on grounds and according to rules that neither chose, or are to change. Hence the cheers, and the suicides.

CARDINAL MEYER

In his constructive labors in the major Milwaukee and Chicago archdioceses Albert Cardinal Meyer became known for his ability to confront situations with calm objectivity and a quiet determination based on his scholar's outlook and zealous sense of pastoral responsibility. It was not, for example, opposition to the game *per se* that led him to ban parochial bingo in Chicago in 1960 but a desire to help build up local respect for the law. When, the next year, he called for the integration of Chicago's Negro Catholics into the "complete life of the Church," it was no simple pious gesture; parish by parish he saw to it that this was carried out. He also warmly encouraged the development of Christian lay responsibility.

During the very first sessions of Vatican II Cardinal Meyer's name was not prominently mentioned, but as the Council progressed, his role increased in importance. Last fall his leadership among the Fathers favoring real ecumenical progress and a strong Council statement on religious liberty became more and more pronounced. The Church in this country and the world over has sustained a severe loss in Cardinal Meyer's untimely passing. May he rest in peace.



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

NO VICTORY IN VIETNAM

There is not a great deal left to negotiate about Vietnam. The Viet Cong controls the countryside, regularly collects taxes in at least thirty-seven of the forty provinces, enjoys the initiative in the war, and continues to expand its offensive. The only defense that can be made for the American air war against North

Vietnam is that it has provided something expensive and brutal which we could offer to stop doing in exchange for concessions from North Vietnam. Now we are offering a billion-dollar development proposal but it remains to be seen whether either the air raids or the money can make a negotiated settlement possible.

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North Vietnam is suffering from the air raids, but it is not the kind of society which is critically vulnerable to air attack—even if non-nuclear air attack were as effective as it often is made out to be. If the North Vietnamese really want to absorb these blows—to dig in and take it—there is little reason to believe that they can be brought to surrender by conventional air attack any more than was Germany. (And Germany in World War II was bombarded daily by thousands of bombers, not the few hundred the United States can commit today). The North Vietnamese can reasonably expect that international political sanctions and opposition within the United States (to ignore entirely the threat of Chinese or Soviet intervention) would intervene to prevent the United States from expanding its offensive to the levels of nuclear war or mass attacks on the civilian population centers of a passive enemy.

Sustaining the Raids

Indeed, if the North Vietnamese government is as implacably set on discrediting or defeating American power in Asia, and isolating the United States internationally, as it is usually credited with being, its best strategy would be to reject the dollars and prepare to endure only a part of what the Germans endured, or the Japanese, or the Chinese Communists during their decade of privation in the Long March and in exile in China's northwest. This is why it was a momentous lapse that the United States failed to exploit the shock of its first attacks. In the atmosphere of international alarm and fear of those first days there would have been pressures on Hanoi to compromise which now have been dissipated.

From the days of Alexander's legions to that of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, young officers have had impressed upon them the tactical axiom not to reinforce defeat. An implicit acknowledgement of that principle was behind the American shift to air war against the North. If we were losing on the ground we might still win in the air. But we can be unchecked in the air and still not win, and we are still losing on the ground in South Vietnam. And now, in default of alternatives, we are again considering reinforcing the ground defeat. The commitment of American ground combat forces is under discussion in Washington, but in the same haze of optimism that surrounded the theory of air escalation. Earlier this year, before the air attacks began, the retiring chief of the Strategic Air Command, General Thomas Powers, argued for air attacks on the North, saying that the result would be that "within a few days and with minimum force, the conflict in

South Vietnam would [be] ended in our favor."

The argument now being put forward is that a clean end to the war can be provided by American Marines and infantry. If it is not immediately apparent why they can do what a quarter of a million French and Foreign Legion regulars were unable to do, the answer made is that the Americans would not be imperialists; and another argument complacently implied is that American troops simply are better in kind than French and German professionals.

With the imperialism argument we are at the heart of the matter: for what speaks here is ideological intoxication. We incorrigibly believe that because our intentions are pure, the blighted peasantry of Vietnam looks upon us as liberators from their native revolution. Yet the situation in South Vietnam has thus far deteriorated with every expansion of the American intervention since the mid-1950s. The reason is not only that Vietnam, like China, is a racially and culturally exclusivist and *reactive* society, in a fury of retaliation against humiliations administered from abroad, but that an overwhelmingly powerful foreign sponsor for one side in a civil war inexorably discredits the legitimacy and political validity of that side.

Malaya and the Philippines are commonly cited as cases of civil subversion in Asia which have been defeated. But in the Philippines the battle was won by Filipinos—by a vigorous and authentic local political and military offensive—not by American divisions. And Malaya was not only a civil war but a communal war: the Communist revolt was a rebellion by elements in the Chinese population, an identifiable and unpopular racial minority which was opposed not only by the British but by Malayan nationalism.

Robbed of Legitimacy

The local political elements in Vietnam which might have stood against the Viet Cong have one by one failed—because of their own inadequacies and follies, but also because they have been benevolently overwhelmed by the scale and power of the American intervention. One by one they have been robbed of their legitimacy, so that today one can hardly speak of the Saigon Government taking major decisions of war and peace in Vietnam.

Today the centers of non-Viet Cong political strength that survive in Vietnam are isolated. There are the sects—the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai with their private armies, powerful in their areas but interested in survival, not ideological anti-Communism. There are most of the Catholics (but not all; there are Catholics with

the Viet Cong, perhaps out of despair but some with conviction; the student Le Hong Tu who attempted to assassinate the American Ambassador two years ago was a Catholic who asked for and received the sacraments before he was executed). There are the politically-active Buddhists, ambiguous in defining what they want but usually considered "neutralists" prepared to compromise with the Viet Cong. There are the old liberal political cadres in Saigon, almost wholly drawn from a narrow class of civil servants and the French-educated elite. There are the National Army and the Civic Guard—or parts of them, officer groupings, some special units, the sizable mercenary units of non-Vietnamese (mostly veteran professionals from the French colonial army) who make up the hard edge of the paratroop and commando formations of the army. The mass of the army, like the peasant mass from which it is drawn, is moved by these self-conscious centers of power and decision but is not mobilized behind them—nor perhaps behind the Viet Cong, although on the face of it the Viet Cong seems closer to the peasantry than any of its rivals.

The U.S. Alone

There is, in any event, no core of political power left in Vietnam that is capable of competing with the Viet Cong throughout the country. There is only the United States, anxiously attempting to sustain a formal regime in Saigon, to recreate somehow a national politics and a national morale in Vietnam, to supply through American programs and American propaganda the non-Communist nationalism that might stand against the rebellion. But the effort is a contradiction of its own terms. So we find ourselves drifting towards the final resort: to supply through our own troops the power that can no longer be evoked from Vietnamese society.

But the truth about this choice should be understood. This would be war to wrest Vietnam out of the control of a native revolutionary movement, a war to conquer this country and to hold it against the force which, however hateful we may consider it to be, is the single effective national political-military movement left in Vietnam. It could be done, but it would be worse than Korea, worse than the island campaigns of World War II. This would be brutal ground war, and we would face civil resistance and terrorism. There is, *pace* General Powers, no decisive and surgically neat way to win this war.

And there is no mandate for such a war in American public opinion. Whatever the issues at stake—the real

issues, which are not the tendentious simplicities of the State Department White Paper—there is no evidence that the American public is prepared to sustain a major ground war in Vietnam. Those who oppose this war are not a marginal minority of American opinion. They include Walter Lippmann and Hans Morgenthau and the *New York Times*. They include a major part, perhaps a majority, of the professional foreign affairs community outside government — and many within the government. They include officers who have resigned their commissions rather than fight in what they regard as an unjust war in Vietnam, and those reserve officers who today doubt that they could honorably accept mobilization. This kind of thing did not take place over Korea or Berlin or the Cuban missile crisis, and it would not take place today if our confrontation were with the Soviet Union or directly with China. If this opposition should be ignored in Washington the result could be a moral crisis in the domestic political affairs of this country comparable to that which corrupted French politics for the decade of its colonial wars.

This war in Vietnam has been made into a symbolic confrontation of American power with Asian Communism. We are responsible for having given it this terrible symbolic weight, stubbornly refusing to see it in its tormented singularity. Having done this we find ourselves driven to win — for we have squandered every chance we have been offered to isolate what is special and native in it, to stalemate or compromise the civil war on terms that would salvage our own larger interest in Asia while reducing China's symbolic gains. Mr. Johnson's new initiative might provide the opening through which some kind of settlement can be found: for the international as well as the domestic pressures against this war are very great. But an aid scheme, since the success of the Marshall Plan, has too often been an American substitute for political policy. In this crisis there are political issues which money may not be able to obscure. And our position is not very secure.

For intoxicated with the need for victory, we face defeat. We are very near to seeing the skull beneath the skin: that there can be no victory for us in Vietnam. Not even a ground conquest of that country would give us a victory that could be recognized as one. There is no victory in Vietnam for anyone who is not a Vietnamese. And for the Vietnamese nation, victory and defeat now are indistinguishable.

WILLIAM PFAFF

(WILLIAM PFAFF is a former associate editor of *COMMONWEAL*. His and Edmund Stillman's *The Politics of Hysteria* has recently become available in a Harper Colophon paperback edition.)

JAMES O'GARA

ONE YEAR LATER

• • • • •
Further thoughts on 'Are Parochial Schools the Answer?'

MARY PERKINS RYAN

Some three years before the publication last March of *Are Parochial Schools the Answer?* I wrote another book, called *Perspective for Renewal*, that asked equally outrageous questions. (For instance, should priests in other than very exceptional cases be assigned to types of work which are professions in themselves—administrating, editing, teaching general subjects?) This book had mainly favorable reviews; it sold a reasonable number of copies; it caused no stir at all.

Are Parochial Schools the Answer? on the other hand, unleashed quite a flood of adverse rhetoric at the NCEA convention and called forth the indignation of numerous reviewers and commentators. Critics analyzed what I said and what I didn't say and what they thought I said. I received a torrent of mail, pro and con, and invitations from many parts of the country to debate my ideas on radio, TV and in front of live audiences. I found myself being called a tool of the Communists and an impractical religious visionary. It has all been very interesting. Perhaps, then, the anniversary of this book's publication is a good time to try to analyze the reasons for its unique reception.

It certainly shows that you can say almost anything if you do it in general terms and under the cover of an abstract, egghead-sounding title. You arouse controversy only if you clearly appear to be attacking a concrete institution with which many people strongly

identify themselves, their interests and their ideals. And, certainly, the anger shown at the very idea that anybody could question the continued value of parochial schools shows that many Catholics—not only teachers but, at least equally, parents—do identify themselves as Catholics with the schools.

But the alarm that my book caused also shows what a difference timing makes—the climate into which a book comes. It was a help to the controversial reception of the book, but no help to the thoughtful reception of its ideas, that it appeared after several articles in the secular press attacking the parochial schools. It was no help, either, that it appeared after Cardinal Suenens' *The Nun in the World*, and other discussions of the role of religious today, and yet before most religious communities had come to realize the necessity for re-examining their life and their role in the light of the Council. Many teaching religious had begun to feel insecure, and my book seemed to be a further and very unwarranted attack on their life work. And, finally, it was no help that it appeared at a time when many of those most deeply concerned with the practical problems of Catholic education felt that at last things were improving; if only everyone would keep on pushing, we might get Federal aid, vocations would be on the increase, quality would continue to improve.

All these factors certainly account for the almost hysterical initial reactions in some quarters. They also account for the very odd fact that so many people were apparently willing to discuss the book without reading it. If it was "against" parochial schools, it must be bad.

MARY PERKINS RYAN is a member of the Board of Directors of the National Liturgical Conference and National Chairman of the Spiritual Development Committee of the National Council of Catholic Women.

23 April 1965: 139

(Equally, of course, with those disaffected with parochial schools on emotional grounds, if the book was "against" them it must be good.) My friends have made it a practice, whenever they hear the book discussed, to ask "Have you read it?" and have very seldom received an affirmative answer; its sales have hardly been larger, in spite of the almost overwhelming publicity, than those of *Perspective for Renewal* which had no publicity at all.

Saying It Tactfully

But nobody can expect to be welcomed with universal gratitude or to gain a universally sympathetic hearing, who comes up to a group of builders just when their edifice seems to be nearing completion after many vicissitudes and says, "But you've got to change the plans . . ." I wish I had been able to do it more tactfully—but if I had been too tactful—if, for instance, as many people have suggested, I had given the book a less "inflammatory" title, would any attention have been paid to it at all?

I had been warned, by friends who read the book in manuscript, that nobody would be able to understand what I was proposing as an alternative to Catholic schools who did not already have some vision of the potentiality for Christian formation of a revitalized worship once more become, as in the early ages of the Church, the focus of Christian living. The reactions certainly proved this to be true; one critic voiced the quite widespread sentiment, "What has liturgy to do with education?" More surprisingly, though several chapters of the book are devoted to the liturgical renewal and its implications, one widely circulated "analysis" never even mentioned the word "liturgy" or any synonym.

Here again the question of timing comes in. I wrote the book before the promulgation of the Constitution on the Liturgy. It was published before the "new" liturgy, however ineptly worked out, had begun to show what a difference more English, even poor English, and more involvement of the congregation might make. And the book was published before the appearance of the many recent books and articles bringing out the Christian's encounter with Christ in the communal worship of the Church and what this implies for Christian living, and also before the inauguration of many of the existing programs for teacher training in the "new" religious outlook, both in Catholic school systems and CCD courses. The Constitution on the Liturgy states very clearly that "the liturgy is the summit toward which all the activity of the Church is

directed; at the same time it is the fount from which all her power flows," and many authorities have recently pointed out the implications of this statement for religious formation. The positive thesis of my book—that with the renewed liturgy and what it implies for Christian living, we have the call and the main means to form Christian communities whose members are consciously "growing up together in all things in Christ," and that our policies as to religious education could and should be oriented toward this goal—would be considerably easier for more educators to consider seriously than it was a year ago. And it would also be much easier to state authoritatively than it was two years ago.

More Than Schools

The same thing is true about what I found to be the other major block to a serious consideration of the ideas expressed in the book: many people's inability to consider the possibility that effective religious education must involve many more factors than schools and classes. This unawareness of the formative effects, for good or ill, of homelife and life as a member of a Christian community surely accounts for the often-repeated criticism, "You can't believe that the CCD could substitute for the Catholic schools!" But, here again, the climate seems to have changed considerably in the last year. Surveys made or in the making, articles, discussions, have brought out the limits of the effectiveness of schools and classes, however good, in forming truly committed Christians. The idea that schools and classes are, at best, ancillary to the total process of religious formation would, today, be considerably easier both to state and to have accepted.

I might regret, then, that the book was not written and published a year later than it was. On the other hand, in spite of these factors influencing both my presentation and an understanding discussion of it, the book was given many very thoughtful reviews; I received many letters from priests and religious involved for many years in Catholic education saying that they had been thinking along the same lines for many years, and I have met many people in all states of life eager to discuss problems of religious education and to do something about them whom I never would have met otherwise.

If I were to write the book now, I should happily have to take into account the ferment going on within Catholic education itself—a ferment to which, perhaps, my book made some contribution. Not only are more and more Catholics beginning to be aware of the need

for a truly vital religious formation and for somehow making it available to all Catholics. More and more of those now concerned with Catholic schools and colleges are also beginning to be aware of the need for new forms of effective Christian witness in the world of education. It is obviously true that the Church cannot suddenly extricate itself from its present vast involvement in formal education. But, if the energy and resourcefulness and dedication that has gone into building up our present Catholic educational institutions is used to solve the new problems presented by our times, these institutions may be transformed in ways as yet unforeseen and undreamed of. Nobody has all the answers—but a great many people are now looking for them.

If I were to write the book again today, then, I would not worry so much about how to present the case for a religious education centered in participation in the liturgy, and for forms of religious formation that will effectively reach all the members of the Church. I would not worry about the book's finding a sympathetic and properly critical audience. But I would worry much more than I did about the problem of communicating with the parents and educators with whom I have been unable to achieve any dialogue at all—the people who still simply want more of the same in Catholic education, with a bow to the present needs of the CCD and the Newman apostolate.

No Personal Crisis

Such Catholics seem to see "Catholic education" as a kind of self-enclosed entity from which young people will emerge equipped to be "Catholic leaders" who will bring "Christian principles into society." They seem to believe that Catholic children, properly instructed, will never have to face any personal crisis of faith, never have to cope with the problem of the apparent absence of God from the best tendencies in the secular world, or with the fact that so many agnostics and unbelievers act in such Christian ways toward their fellow men. They seem to be living in a mental universe in which God's in His heaven and all would be right with the world if it would only let well-trained lay Catholics run it under the guidance of their priests and bishops.

When I wrote my book, I had not met with the term "triumphalist." I wish I had, for it seems to me perfectly to describe the attitude of these good people who cannot as yet see that the situation of the Church in the world today is not that of medieval times. It seems to me now that the "ghetto" mentality is the face which triumphalism has taken on in the face of the Reforma-

tion and the rise of modern secular society. And the great question is, how can the change be made with the least pain and confusion from this mentality to the pilgrim and servant one now authenticated by the Constitution on the Church?

Such a change will involve a great deal of re-thinking about the "Catholic outlook" on every phase of reality which Catholic education (whether with a large or small "e") must try to open out. Still more, it will mean finding some effective way of showing those who feel secure and contented with the triumphalist view that this is not what God seems to want of Christians today, but rather the attitude of the Lord Himself who came among us as one who serves.

This, it now seems to me, is the larger context in which all problems about Catholic education need to be raised. What kind of a Church does God want—one that is "of" the world by reason of its material possessions and the actual life-goals of the majority of its members and yet not "in" the world by any commitment to understand and serve its needs, or a Church that is existentially in the world through its members' dedication to the effective love of their neighbors and not of the world in the sense of being limited to it or suffocated by it. Would anybody like to write a book on Catholic education?



BRUCE SWEET

THIRD DAY PROMISED

The Horizon
Moves with calculated quietness;
The promised heat will not permit
A prolonged sleep.

His arms
Stretch out with sure hesitancy,
Touching the edge of fear's four winged sisters,
Who move, but do not fly away.

His hands,
Crucified by an apprehensive Sun,
Feel the eastern, western flutter
Of the birds.

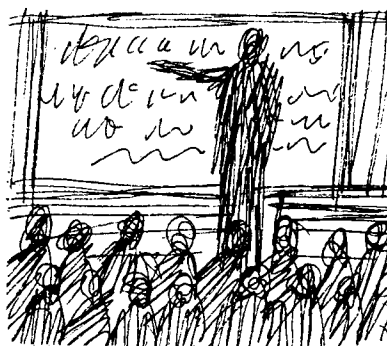
High above His head
The Northern Kin, pure white, unseen,
Hovers a second time for
The morning song.

THE BROTHER



Some think he went only half-way

BROTHER K. BASIL O'LEARY



No brother in the U. S. will ever write a book such as *Les Insolences du Frère Untel*, a gleefully derisive indictment of the clerical and lay bureaucracy of the French-Canadian educational system. Although its author is "only a teaching brother, a proletariat of the Quebec version of the Church," he winces with classical distaste at the pervasive corruption of the French language into "joul talk" (*joul* instead of *cheval*); but his privileged target is the officialdom of the Department of Education, all of whom, he suggests, should be immediately retired with special medals for solemn Mediocrity.

Prizing the conventional and the well-tryed, the system is based on Fear—of exile, of being silenced, of loss of job—and produces no greater effect on the Catholic population than a sanctimonious angelism. The teaching brothers, suffocating in a climate where sex and money are renounced but never power, might just as well raise a basilica to Our Lady of Fear, Frère Untel thinks, and then organize pilgrimages.

That his book scored well is clear. Thousands of copies have been sold since 1960, an English translation made—perhaps for confreres in Toronto—and Frère Untel "sent off" to further his theological studies at Fribourg.

However urgent their own new-horizon problems of prayer and apostolate, the 12,000 brothers of the

U.S. are not smoldering with indignation in the back rooms of the ecclesiastical establishment. They are not unaware, of course, that some of the faithful, clerical and lay, think of them as "half-priests," or as good men who "went only half-way" (possibly because they could not learn Latin) but who, notwithstanding, silently and respectfully make themselves useful. Up to now, the re-appraisal of their accustomed tasks and life-style has not been so retarded or inept as to excite the sympathetic public assistance of apostolic laymen who have given much enlightened testimony on behalf of the priests and sisters as they face the rescrambling of roles in the Church of the Diaspora.

'Hello, Father'

Besides filling out the current round of inquiries into the sub-cultures of American Catholicism, some reflections about the brothers can be helpful, if only to the brothers themselves who want to be recognized for what they are—no more, no less. Although it will not happen over night, at least they can anticipate fewer "Hello, Father's" from well-mannered school children and fewer importunities for a fervorino or a handout from inebriates on the subway. Indeed, some bishops who still use formal salutations on public occasions may forget the brothers less regularly, but, more importantly, give up the myth that brothers' schools steal away priestly vocations. Considerable episcopal testimony and a number of studies suggest the market situation is more complementary than competitive.

BROTHER K. BASIL O'LEARY, F.S.C. is a member of the faculty at Saint Mary's College, Minnesota. This is his first appearance in COMMONWEAL.

Commonweal: 142

About half the brothers in the U. S. are teaching members of congregations composed of brothers only, the others being associated with priests as co-adjutors in such roles as maintenance men, engineers, cooks, tailors, printers, accountants, secretaries—to mention only a few of the variety of occupations. Although the words “Fathers and Brothers” is seldom found in the titles of these institutes of priests and brothers, attempts are being made to do away with discriminatory folkways—many dating back to the Middle Ages—in matters of eating, recreating, and other community ceremonials.

Novitiates no longer permit formation to drift into a period of general caretaking in an atmosphere of pious tranquility, but aim now at a firm doctrinal base of spirituality through a solid theology of the Christian life and the vocational ethos of the particular congregation. Of course, participation of the lay brothers in the liturgical worship of the whole community is the rule. After spiritual formation, the novice brother generally receives a formal training in a technical or business school, thus acquiring a competency that makes for a sense of achievement and a happy stability.

Sharing the same apostolate and the same spiritual roots in the doctrine of the seventeenth century French School, the 5,500 teaching brothers have serious common concerns today, though neither their existence as religious communities nor their work of teaching school is realistically threatened. At present, they maintain 20 colleges, 200 high schools, and nearly 100 elementary schools. The congregations to which they belong are growing at an increasing rate; the schools, especially in and around the big cities, have far more applicants than desks, and the files of a good number of provincials contain a backlog of requests from bishops for new openings. Failure of nerve before such attractive offers of million-dollar plants in “good” suburbs in new dioceses has, in some instances, occasioned a truncated formation, less-careful screening of candidates, and spirit-crippling overwork.

What is at stake, and what must be grappled with immediately, is much more than “dropping a lot of stuff”: chapel recitations, anachronistic garb, puerile notions of common life, regimental discipline in the schools. These routines of the Sulpician seminary in the times of De La Salle, whose rule and writings have influenced most of the modern institutes, are steadily eroding under the changing demands of the daily work and the greater education of the brothers. Intuitive adaptations have been easy for pragmatic Americans as they seek to be totally available to their students and to live a religious community life pro-

moting a maximum of creativity, friendship, and cultural development. However, a general theory, an intellectual appropriation of what is happening, has not yet emerged.

How does the teaching brother justify his claim to a special role among the People of God? Even if the question is three hundred years old, it takes on new urgency today. As lay teachers begin to outnumber the brothers in many of their high schools and to teach religion as creditably as they do the secular subjects, why should a generous young man “become a brother” to do the same job? The question gains force, moreover, as contemporary experience and psychology uncover greater resources in marriage for personal expansion and genuine apostolicity. At the same time, religious communities sometimes reveal little of the excitement of a total commitment or of that superior competence—particularly in creative, productive teaching—which might be expected from such an exclusive preoccupation. This may well be the situation in France where districts of some 250 brothers have only one novice, as in Rheims today, or where many others have less than one-tenth the number necessary for survival.

The question can also take a twist to the other pole of ecclesiastical status: why don’t the brothers become priests—or deacons, now that this order has been revived, especially in mission countries where their instruction can be suitably complemented by the sacraments? This alternative has only speculative interest in the U. S., but in Spain, South America, Italy, voices within and without the congregations, although not numerous, are still making themselves heard—perhaps largely for reasons of better education and status.

The unique vocation of the teaching brother can best be seen as it has emerged historically against the background of what he is not: he is not a cleric fulfilling an official function in the Church, but a simple Christian intensely aware of helping others to exist in Christ; he is not a secular, but a layman called as such to teach; he is not a monk whose life is centered on prayer, but a religious free to love and act wherever the Church needs him.

Responding to the same call addressed to all the faithful to announce the Good News of the Word of God, the teaching brother often feels that his “place” in the Church—and that of all laymen who seek actively to better the lot of their fellow men—has been obscured, if not often restricted, because of a not-always-conscious tendency of Catholics to situate Christianity far too exclusively in the sanctuary. The service of Christ tends to become a “Church Service.” However, the liturgical ceremony is not *the* Real Event in a Christian universe.

Contrary to much romantic exuberance implicit in moral theology and preaching, the Mass is not Christianity. As Karl Rahner has remarked, "We must not set about acting as though the Mass were the absolute, univocal central point of religious life, from which everything has to proceed and to which everything must be reduced."

Aside from the theology of the question, religious sociologists have observed that the experience of the numinous, the fascinating and terrifying encounter with the sacred, has dramatically shifted from the sanctuary to a new sacrality of interpersonal relations. Here the fundamental ambivalence tends either toward the absurd loneliness and non-communication to which much contemporary literature gives witness, or toward the ecstatic awareness of being altogether "there" of persons who love. The privileged Event is now better understood as the full meeting of another in Christ wherever you happen upon him. Christianity is essentially social and secondarily ritualistic.

Brothers as Laymen

The new apostolic impetus to laymen, religious or not, is largely due to this recognition that the reality of God is not found in isolation from the course of temporal existence, but rather in the dialogal communion with other men. Prayer activities, sacramental and devotional, are great means to awaken and to energize Christians that they may become creatively attentive to the two-fold term of their love, God and neighbor, who are always found concretely in the stream of one's own history. Like all Christians, therefore, the teaching brother establishes his vocation on the mission to bring other persons to discover their identity in Christ and to become temporally involved in shaping the history of God's people.

Because he is a layman, the brother who possesses the theological competence and episcopal delegation, has an official public mission in the Church. This role has received definitive historical and doctrinal treatment by Brother Michel Sauvage, F.S.C., in his 900-page doctoral dissertation in theology at the University of Lille, 1961: *Participation of Laymen in the Ministry of God's Word and the Mission of the Teaching Brother in the Church*. One important conclusion is that neither the priesthood nor the diaconate would render the brother more apt to fulfill this specific ministry. It is not simply because he is ordained that a priest teaches; he, too, must possess theological competence and an episcopal delegation. The only form of ministry of the Word forbidden to laymen by canon

law is public preaching in the Church, the homily being intrinsically related to the Eucharist.

Finally, whether a teacher or not, each brother is a religious vowed permanently to a common life of evangelical liberty. His distinctive witness in the Church is, therefore, a public surrender of private control of property, marriage, and family, and of the power to determine his decisions independently of his superiors. Since the Christian life is one of existential tension between the inherent value of human pursuits in the present, on the one hand, and their ultimate insignificance, on the other (because of creaturely death and contingency), the fullness of Christian witness requires diverse ways of life. One is that of the layman who is uniquely called to an exaltation of family love and political involvement; the other is that of the religious who "gives up" these high values of life as a sacramental revelation of the eschatological pole of temporal existence. This is the brother's way of salvation as well as his claim to distinctive ecclesial "place."

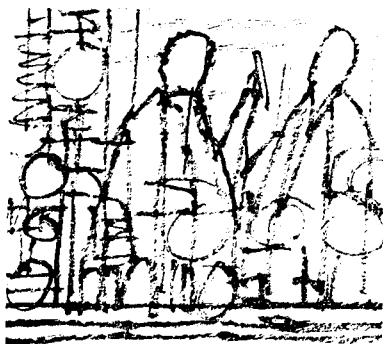
By way of overflow and constantly focused attention, when the life of the counsels is institutionalized, the religious state does become an objectively "better" means for its members to be totally available to the Church and absolutely unselective in their love of *all*. This does not mean that for religious, *eros* is immediately transformed into selfless *agape*, for it often never is; nor does it mean that laymen are not often far more generous and outgoing; but the religious state entails a way of life whose structure and dynamism are completely evangelical and expressive of love, especially of those persons unlikely to excite it because of their personal endowment.

The Intellectual Life

A private devotion of many older brothers is directed toward "Our Secondary Patron, the Accrediting Agency"; for, were it not for the educational standards of regional and state bodies, the formal educational background of the brothers would probably be far less than it is. Today, the various congregations, aware of the need for the best in theology to ground the brothers' formation and their ministry, have greater difficulty in finding schools of theology than men of high caliber to send to them.

The preparation of high school teachers of religion is being well-attained with summer university courses and with competent undergraduate instruction in the brothers' own colleges. In fact, because theology is taught as a liberal science, and not slanted toward the needs of professionals nor poured out of manuals,

and because many of the instructors are young and open to the fresh approaches from France and Germany, some of the best theology in the country may well be taught in these scholasticates. Bultmann, Tillich, Thielicke are as familiar as Lonergan, Rahner, Benoit. Periodicals, papers, seminars are the tools of a questioning approach to the meaning of revelation and experience.



The intellectual life of a teaching brother, apart from what he acquires for his fulfilling degree and accreditation requirements, has certain limitations. Viewed from the outside, the religious community of men who do "nothing else but run schools" seems an idyllic haven for scholarly research: lively discussions of books, plays, and world events, and, above all, a peaceful, prayerful solitude. Of course, when it succeeds, this retirement is the root of resourceful teaching and the capacity to "be with" young people in counseling and school activities of one kind or another. Doubtless, it is this image which annually attracts hundreds of young men to the brothers' novitiates.

Like marriage, whose promise of sustained bliss is qualified later by disillusionments but also by stronger love, the religious state has its setbacks while remaining essentially healthy. First of all, the intellectual life for most brothers, save for a few of extraordinary mettle on college campuses, does not mean research and writing of a quality for publication. The demands of effective teaching, the extra-curriculars, the time it takes to allow a boy to talk out his problems, do not permit the sustained leisure that competitive scholarly production requires. Aspirants to the life of a brother know this: schools for the masses seldom allow such luxury.

Young brothers, buoyed up with new knowledge about the person and his realization in a community, are wondering, however, whether some of the frictions they are meeting need continue. Sometimes they discover it is much easier to get permission to go to a ball game than to see a play, and certainly easier to stay at home to watch the weekly community movie, always

safe and wholesome—and dull. Sometimes, in their extreme youth, they wonder whether the mythic world of the Yanks and the Cards and the Sox does not provide greater eventfulness in the collective consciousness of the community than the affairs of public life or the real problems of the school. More than a few are now revolting—though they do not yet have the leverage to do anything about it—against the athletic madness in the schools that substitutes sports-contemplation for sports-playing and that discriminates against the unmuscular for the sake of the school's reputation as the home of champions of some sort.

The persistent hazard for the religious community, as it continues to be guided by conventions and schedules of another civilization, is to become a refuge for mediocrity. An undeniable force in most school faculties is competition. But, who could care less for rank, salary, prestige, and, today, even authority, than the religious who "has it made"? When a premium is placed on conformity and docility, through an over-reliance on rules at the expense of personal responsibility, and when the basic conditions for placing creativity and imagination at the service of charity are ignored, the common life can become banal and deforming. Brothers are asking themselves what happened to the innovating spirit of their founders, and, more particularly, their ingenious care of the poor.

The studies of Fr. Andrew Greeley reveal that Catholics want their schools, especially those parents who are better educated, have higher incomes, and live in better neighborhoods. And this describes the pattern of new school openings. Brothers are coping with the problems of the day, but more so as individuals than as provinces or congregations, and not in a style as bold and preceptive as their founders demonstrated, especially when it comes to the problems of the "inner city": race, the very poor, the low I.Q's, the retarded, and the delinquent.

Conversion to Community

The heart of the problem for teaching brothers is that they lack, as do most religious, a good theory of community life—of love, freedom, temporal involvement, of evoking and sustaining dialogue. Contemporary moral and ascetical theology, though providing more discerning phenomenologies of human experience, have not reached a stage of adequate formulation because they do not have at their disposal a good philosophy of the human person. Not yet recognizing, with all the commitment it would require, just how love structures a community, how the evangelical counsels make

the religious group a "little church," as Père Leonard, O.P., remarked one day, where liberty and joy are uppermost—we have tended to stress the juridical the routine, the regimental.

Nothing less than a complete conversion to community, as we understand its reality today, can insure the teaching brother an enduring role in the Church. The threat to dampen his apostolic creativity and the immense energy for love at his disposal because of the vows—especially celibacy—is a tragic flaw inherent in all systems of rules and codes. It tempts both superiors and inferiors. In moral theology, Jean Tonneau calls it "obligationism", in the religious life, Frère Untel calls it "regularity." With only two categories—the lawful and the unlawful, the permitted and the forbidden—the good life is made easy. For the religious, it can be translated into "duty time" and "free time"—school activities and religious exercises, on the one hand, and on the other, freedom, that of the child out of school.

Beyond the limited usefulness of clocks and bells, a radically different kind of control is emerging into full view today. It is the dynamic of friendship, and on this basis alone will the whole excellence of the vocation of the brother stand or fall rather than on the ambiguous observance of a daily regulation. When a living, dialogal relation structures a religious house, a Christian spirit of liberty is awakened which permits persons to exist truly in their own right.

In religious houses where common meditations are still read aloud, it is not at all uncommon to see young brothers, with the benign collusion of their superiors, "bringing their own books" to the chapel. And these books are just as likely to be Martin Buber's *I and Thou* or Carl Rogers' *On Becoming a Person*. In college scholasticates, teachers and students are coming to recognize Robert Johann, S.J., visiting professor of philosophy at Yale last year, as the Metaphysician of the Personal, who, more than anyone else today, is creating an intelligible structure within which the religious life, and the new biblical and sacramental theology, can take on coherence and depth.

Nourishing the life of the community, focusing its attention and deepening its identity, is prayer. Recitations from manuals, however, such as "O Jesus, King most wonderful, Thou conqueror renowned, Thou sweetness most ineffable in whom all joys are found!" have slight meaning today for many brothers, if not serious repugnance. The mistaken expedient of "getting in" the vocal prayers or of stringing them one after another is being recognized as clear evidence of complete misunderstanding of the nature of prayer.

While some brothers look forward to a form of the short breviary, others feel that the Office, of any kind, is a monastic practice foreign to their tradition and not a very good complement to the kind of *presence* required of the teacher. Moreover, even when well-translated and not rushed "to get it over with," it fails to satisfy their prayer needs. Since many of them are not bound to recite it daily, they can freely state that its naturalistic idiom and irrelevant symbolism are foreign to their urbanized, personalized lives. The "other" seems inevitably to be an enemy of some sort threatening at the walls. It leaves them cold.

Along with as profound a participation as possible in daily Mass, a teaching brother would prefer the peace and quiet to pray existentially: to search for the meaning of his own existence in the light of faith, to unveil before God with absolute sincerity his whole life and that of those for whom he is responsible, and to permit God to transform him and his friends into the witnesses that this moment of history requires.



DOROTHY DONNELLY
ROSES OF ASHES

The words are winter's:
dust unto dust! you must,
even as the rose
on an iron urn turns rust,
be raveled from form
by the worm, lose heart and head,
and have for eyes
the quenching dust instead.

But there is an eye,
more than a match for the dark,
which can see far past
our last fall into stark
and bitter dust:
that our end is not the worm,
that as iron filings
drawn by a magnet, form

roses on glass,
so out of the dark our own
cold ash will spring,
and flower on its stem of bone
again—when Truth
keeps tryst, and Love's fiery gust
breathes the image
of man back into man's dust.

THOSE EXPENSIVE LAY TEACHERS



A hard look at the figures

ANTHONY E. SEIDL

Few Catholics have never heard or read about the costly salaries which hinder the operation of Catholic schools and block their continued expansion. Most, if not all, parishioners are constantly reminded of this fact by worried pastors trying to meet the costs of operating parochial schools, or trying to help a religious community maintain its school for the benefit of the parish or diocese. For years the common assertion has been that salaries are, and will continue to be, the factor that obstructs more and better Catholic schools.

Much of this talk, despite its air of objectivity, might better be shelved as rationalization, or even propa-

ganda; and not least because of its failure to understand "salary" as compensation for services requiring training or ability, or that compensation can come in many forms. The result is a totally inaccurate concept of religious and lay salaries in Catholic schools. More frequently than not, religious communities do not know what compensation they are receiving, or what compensation is needed to properly perform their work. Nor do those who support the school know what they are paying in various forms of compensation. Lay teachers soon weary of the barbs directed at them from pulpit and home for their "costliness," and either find other positions or adjust their performance accordingly. In the final analysis religious and lay teachers, when not properly compensated, are prevented from fulfilling their basic teaching function. In the meantime,

ANTHONY E. SEIDL, an assistant professor of education at the University of Notre Dame, devoted his doctoral thesis to a study of business management in Catholic secondary schools.

HONESTY IN THE CHURCH by Daniel Callahan

Foreword by Bernard Murchland, C.S.C.

Hailed as the voice of a new Catholic generation for his *THE MIND OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN*, Daniel Callahan has just completed another book sure to provoke heated debate.

Mr. Callahan holds that many forms of Catholic life tempt the Catholic to dishonesty: the glorification of the past, ecclesiastical rhetoric, excessive respect for authority, a fear of damaging one's faith. Thus, the Catholic often finds himself faced with dilemmas in which he believes he has to choose between honesty and his commitment to the Church. Mr. Callahan attempts to find answers to these dilemmas as he discusses the right of Catholics to doubt, freedom of conscience and the duty of the individual to speak his mind within the Church.

"Callahan has placed the actions of clergy and laity alike under a searing scrutiny. He cuts through the abstract to the deeper, personal, response to truth, and so continues in a constructive way the task of renewal to which the Church has dedicated itself."

—ROLAND E. MURPHY, *O. Carm.*

"What do individual Catholics actually believe, in the depths of their hearts? Callahan's is a pioneering exploration and it will make many people uncomfortable. But following him through the walls he breaches, many thousands of readers will find a more authentic Catholic life."

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the teacher problem becomes more and more acute.

Lay salaries were blamed, at least in part, for the temporary halt of school construction in the Archdiocese of St. Louis and the Diocese of Rochester. They also played a large part, we are told, in the decision of the Cincinnati archdiocese to drop its first grade last year.



In announcing the drop, the archdiocese released the following figures: "Although no lay teachers will be dropped, school board officials noted that there is an annual turnover of about 30 per cent among lay teachers in the parochial schools. The reduction of some 10,000 pupils from the current elementary school enrollment of more than 75,000 therefore will enable the schools to reduce the lay teaching force by about 200 teachers, with a saving of an estimated \$640,000 annually. [Thus, the annual average salary was \$3,200.]

"At the same time, the increase of Sister's minimum salaries to \$1,500 will cost approximately \$500,000 a year."

Another typical reminder to lay teachers is contained in a discussion of the problems of Catholic schools in Oregon:

"For the average parish to try to finance a situation where there are more than two lay teachers for six Religious becomes extremely difficult. . . .

"Increasing number of salaried lay teachers is the principal source of per pupil costs which today are certainly at least one and one-half times as great as 10 years ago . . ."

Bad Because More Expensive

And in Chicago, where there is a growing shortage of priests and nuns, Monsignor William McManus, superintendent of schools for the archdiocese, posed the dilemma in similar terms to a writer for the *Chicago Tribune Magazine*. "Chicago's Catholic schools are being forced to hire more and more lay teachers," he said, "This is both good and bad. It is bad because it is more expensive." He went on to say in the article

that "religious teachers need not be paid the sort of salary that a lay teacher requires . . . though the lay teachers ordinarily work for less than they could make in public schools, their salaries are nevertheless a serious drain on Catholic school funds."

Raymond F. McCoy, in his book *American School Administration—Public and Catholic*, says: "The most significant increase in expenditure for Catholic schools, now and in the years ahead, must be for salaries for lay teachers. As the trend is now established, by 1970 the number of lay teachers in parish schools throughout the United States should exceed the number of sisters; and the cost of one lay teacher at a maximum salary in a public school (the standard of competition) frequently exceeds the cost of an equally qualified sister in a comparable diocese by a ratio of 9 to 1. Even at minimum salaries substantially inferior to those paid public schools, five sisters (if available) could be supported for the cost of one lay teacher."

Many people feel that religious work for the love of God, while lay teachers work for a salary. Actually, since both work for subsistence, both should receive compensation which allows them to continue to work. The problem is accentuated by attentions traceable to old ways of thinking, and to presumptions of years ago carried into the modern situation. This serves only

to complicate problems already inherent in the working relationship of these teachers in the school.

The facts about teacher compensation are beclouded by other erroneous conceptions. For example, a study, conducted by this writer, on business management in Catholic secondary schools revealed that it is common practice to make use of volunteer help, and that pastors, chaplains, and assistant pastors often assume a share of the teaching load. To obtain an accurate student-teacher ratio, participants in the study were asked for the number of *salaried* staff members. Because the word "salaried" was used, many of the participants listed their lay personnel only, some distinguished between their "salaried" and "unsalaried" personnel, while listing both, and others did not answer that question. The evidence in regard to staff size became inconclusive as a result of this misinterpretation, because many religious do not consider themselves to be "salaried."

Those participants who made a definite distinction between salaried and unsalaried personnel, or listed lay personnel only in responding to this question, constituted 37.9 per cent of the participants. The percentage was highest (61.9 per cent) in those schools which classified themselves as "private."

Two things must be determined: (1) what the comparative costs of religious and lay compensations are,

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when taking into account all costs, including housing, training, retirement, medical expenses, leisure time costs, etc., so that religious communities can know whether or not they are being sufficiently compensated for the teachers they have in the various schools, and (2) whether or not the lay teacher is as expensive as is purported.

One difficulty which will be encountered is that the lay teacher is a current expense to a school, as well as a direct expense, while the religious teacher cost is diffused throughout the school and parish in the form of convent expenditures, improvements, donations of goods and services by parishioners, and is additionally subsidized by the religious community itself.

Finding the Total Cost

One of the first known attempts to determine actual costs of religious teachers was recently made by Sister Maria Concepta, C.S.C., for the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Because members of her order teach in ninety-eight elementary schools located in almost every section of the United States, and an additional number teach in secondary schools, her findings are representative of conditions throughout the country. She estimated that the average annual cost per sister in 1963

was \$3,696. This figure represents an average cost for all sisters of the community; those trained for teaching require an additional expenditure of \$13,710 per sister. Assuming that the average teaching life is twenty-five years, this adds \$548 to the annual expenditure, bringing the total cost per sister to \$4,244. The sum is realistic, for it includes the costs of training, retiring, board and room, clothing, postage, travel, medical expenses, amortization of buildings, and all other items which make up the costs of a person's minimal needs for existence.

The study showed that the average amount paid by the parishes toward this total amount was so inadequate that the Holy Cross community had to subsidize each teaching sister in these schools an average of \$756 per year.

In discussing this aspect of teaching, Sister Maria Concepta points out that calculating costs only in terms of dollars and cents could be debilitating to the concept of religious life, a communal, dedicated life built on sacrifice. On the other hand, she recognizes that a realistic compensation is needed if religious are to perform their functions.

One method of determining what constitutes minimal compensation merely requires perusal of the financial pages of any college catalogue where the cost of board and room are given for the school year, noting that this

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is only for an eight-nine month period, and that this cost includes few other services such as laundry, medical expenses, and minor expenses. After extrapolating this amount over an entire year, and adding all other costs not included in the college figure, such as insurance, retirement, clothing, travel, and extra medical costs, it immediately becomes evident that Sister Maria Concepta's figures are neither unrealistic nor exorbitant.

In utilizing this method, however, one must exercise caution, for many colleges and universities charge the student an amount less than the true cost. The University of Notre Dame, for example, despite a charge of \$800 per student for board and room, realizes that this figure represents only 68 per cent of the true cost per student, but prefers to seek other sources of funds to cover the remaining amount.

A second method of determining minimal compensation involves analyzing almost any parish financial report. Generally the salaries of lay and religious are listed, followed by costs for convent, including such items as maintenance and repair, debt payment, interest, transportation, fuel, telephone, electricity, and custodial services. When these costs are added to the actual salaries, one obtains a more accurate picture of the total compensation for services.

Such a financial report was given by Monsignor McManus in an article entitled "The Administration and Financing of Catholic Schools." His budget for a "typical" parish listed salaries totaling \$31,600. The breakdown showed that ten nuns received \$10,000 [an average of \$1,000 per sister], and six lay teachers received \$21,600, [an average of \$3,300 per teacher].

However, the article also points out that the convent cost \$150,000 (which can quickly be doubled, and usually is, by the time a twenty-year mortgage is paid off), that in the last three years \$8,000 was spent on convent painting and new equipment, that the parish donated \$5,000 toward an infirmary for old and infirm nuns, and that the parish had paid \$4,500 to the archdiocese for seminaries. When one totals the costs which pertain to the religious teachers, their total compensation comes out to be more than that given to the lay teachers, whose average pay actually is low enough for them to qualify for President Johnson's poverty program. At no time does Monsignor McManus indicate that these costs should be included in the total compensation which the nuns justly and necessarily receive to enable them to perform their function of teaching. But he does make the point that lay teachers are expensive.

A third standard for determining minimal levels of

compensation can be obtained from various state departments of labor or research. The California Division of Labor Statistics and Research did such a study on what the California working girl, its fictional Minnie, had to earn to "get by" in 1961. The Division excluded formal education, and some travel expenses and retirement costs, but still reported a minimum figure of \$2854.98. The budget, which is so frugal that it sends most girls in "fervent search of husbands," is believed to be enough to allow "Minnie" to maintain her health, her job, her self-respect, and the respect of her friends and fellow workers. The Division gave this version of Minnie's madcap life: She shares an apartment with another woman, goes to and from work by bus (she owns no car), watches a 19-inch portable TV, goes to the movies eight times a year, bowls six times, swims six times, shares a newspaper, spends \$66.00 on a one-week vacation, washes and sets her own hair, gets two permanents and four haircuts each year, gives 25 cents to the church each week, \$5.00 a year to charity, spends \$15.00 on gifts, and 15 cents each day on coffee, candy, and snacks.

In contrast to all the foregoing figures, the Study of Catholic Education being conducted from the University of Notre Dame has found that the average lay teacher salary in the United States in 1962-3 was

\$3,450. The range, of course, varied considerably, with the secondary teachers receiving more and the elementary teachers less. This suggests that the lay teacher, far from being the burden of the Catholic school system all these years, has in fact been its saving feature, if not its salvation, from a financial standpoint.

The essential difference is that the Catholic lay teacher's salary has been a *direct* current expense, all computed into one neat package, whereas the religious salaries have been diffused into various forms of compensation. The latter is frequently lost in the mire of inadequate accounting systems so prevalent in Catholic schools and parishes. That the religious teacher is apparently subsidized by the religious community, because of the failure of parishes and schools to pay their fair share of the costs, only complicates the situation further.

Complete Lack of Analysis

Although there are bright spots to be found in schools and dioceses throughout the country, for the majority of religious and lay teachers compensation is so inadequate that the teachings of the Church on social justice are either being violated or conveniently overlooked by those in positions of authority and leader-



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ship. At the very least, there has been a complete lack of analysis on their part. The remedy, on the basis of my own study in the field, would seem to be in greater centralization (already advocated by some authorities), long-range planning, and improvement of the inefficient business management that plagues many of the schools. The myths surrounding lay teacher salaries, and the reluctance of religious communities to take a hard look at their financial needs and what constitutes adequate compensation for the labors of their members, are major factors to be overcome in this respect.

Parenthetically, it might be noted here that "contributed services" embrace only the monetary difference between minimal compensation and that point where the teacher *would be* on a salary schedule; i.e., instruction provided by religious is not all "contributed service," but is so only in relation to the compensation that would be obtained above the minimal level. The assumption is, of course, that in the case of all teachers, the minimal compensation is equated with minimal qualifications.

In light of current estimates that 30,000 additional teachers will be needed in Catholic education by 1968, the time to have begun long-range and realistic planning was yesterday. Inasmuch as elements of parochialism have inhibited this process, they should be eliminated; their final effect is simply to detract from the effective instructional program a viable school system needs to serve those placed in its trust.



JAMES SULLIVAN

DIFFIDENCE

The abbé said
"The thing to do
Is find your vein
And mine it. Don't
Be diffident."
The young man piped,
"If diffidence
Appears the vein,
Why not mine that?"
The abbé smiled.
"I speak," he said,
"To fine artists."
The young man laughed,
"That lets me out."
"What lets you off,"
The abbé quacked,
"Is diffidence!"

But now, for its own complex reasons, homosexual taste has taken up cultural junk and routed the wistful heterosexual from the field. Normal nostalgia has been adulterated, and the Fred Astaire buff suddenly finds that he is expected to like old Tiffany lamp-



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shades (doubly disturbing, if you don't know what old Tiffany lampshades are). He finds himself sharing a sensibility with people who collect bad perfume and hang pictures of Superman in the bathroom. Miss Sontag assures us that you don't have to be homosexual to enjoy camp—well, that's a relief, I suppose—but in the world of camp, the homosexual is king; nostalgia is now his province, and you cannot enter it without taking on some of his coloration. (For this reason, I expect a lot of people will be dropping nostalgia like a hot brick, in the near future.)

Thus it came about that when I went to see Maurice Chevalier recently, I found myself wondering whether my enormous admiration for this man could be considered campy by the tastemakers, and whether I was really buying a Tiffany lampshade under another name . . . Or was Chevalier, like Bogart (but unlike Greenstreet) too good to be campy? Was he to be enjoyed like a bad Western—or like a good Western? (Or not like a Western at all?)

As a matter of fact, I thought none of these things, being an old fan (I first saw this show when Chevalier was 65) and set in my ways. My point is that this attempt to pin down a complex, elusive sensibility tends to rigidify and stylize our already too rigid and stylized responses and to coarsen even our bad taste. Straight nostalgia has many mansions — one's feeling for Chevalier is quite different from, say, one's feeling for "The Boy-friend"—and to cram them into one word, to narrow this highly nuanced sensibility down to a mood of self-conscious quaintness, is to vulgarize it beyond repair.

As for Chevalier—he is perhaps not as good as he was twelve years ago: his tread is a little heavier and so are his jokes; he is pleased to be going strong at 77, as well he might be, but he tends to over-exploit the fact. His little dips into sentimentality and self-consciousness are embarrassingly unnecessary for audiences that are already prepared to give him standing ovations just for being there.

Still and all, he wears uncommonly well. He has always flirted with cheapness, and avoided it by light footwork and the grace of intelligence: and he still does so. His survival-value in this country (I can't talk of Europe) as something more than a monument, is a show-business freak. So many performers, from Noel Coward to Bob Hope, have become inextricably linked to some period and style; or have run out of inspiration, like Ed Wynn or Mae West; or have survived as amiable curiosities, like Sophie Tucker.

Chevalier is something else. To be going strong at 77 is no mere physical achievement in his case: it is

also a matter of luck and intelligence. Mr. Chevalier's luck consists partly of being a foreigner, and of being essentially a one-man turn. As a Frenchman, he has always been something of an exotic, so that we don't place him automatically in any of our own periods—twenties, forties, he belongs in all of them and none of them. As a one-man turn, he has kept relatively clear of other actors, of old landmarks and associations that might date him. Bob Hope goes around with Jerry Colonna, and makes jokes about Bing Crosby; Louis Armstrong tours the world with his old cronies; but Chevalier travels alone.

Whatever his secret, he uses the past more deftly, is more its master, than any entertainer I can think of. He sings old songs and new ones, tells old jokes and new ones, until time dissolves and you hardly know whether it is 1900 or 1930: clearly you are in the past, but an unaccented, very lightly sketched-in past. The reason that nostalgia does not drag at him, is, I think, that fundamentally it has no claims on him. He strikes one as an unsentimental man who would drop "Louise," would drop sentiment itself, if it wasn't going over. His instinct in these matters has to be close to impeccable.

Which being so, I hope he will soon drop that business of kissing the microphone with a loud smack—a camp gesture, and a low camp gesture at that, unworthy of one of the great basic entertainers of our time. (*At the Alvin*)

WILFRID SHEED

NO NUDES IS GOOD NUDES



THE SCREEN

Now that the U. S. Supreme Court has declared that the states cannot censor films before their public showings, there may be no limit to the subject matter covered by movies. Subject matter isn't so much a problem as how it's treated. American pictures will still have to contend with the Production Code, with its hit-or-miss enforcement. But foreign films, not constrained by the Code, will go their merry way—as they really always have: some taking sex-as-part-of-life in stride, others exploiting sex as a box-office come-on. A group of imports now on our screens covers the spectrum.

Best of the lot is a grim little comedy from Spain, "Not on Your Life." It seems that Spanish public ex-

ecutioners and undertakers are friendless. So when Jose Luis, a Madrid undertaker, meets Carmen, the pretty but no-longer-young daughter of the executioner, the two lonely, socially-outcast people fall in love. When papa comes home one day and finds Jose Luis undressed in his daughter's bedroom, he is unhappy. The row ends in marriage, and the arrangement proves quite happy, all things considered. Since the undertaker needs to supplement his meager income (we are in Spain, remember, not America), papa, who is about to retire, persuades the reluctant Jose Luis to moonlight as an executioner. After all, most condemned men are pardoned at the last moment. But when the time comes for Jose Luis to do his first execution (by garrote) he quakes with fear and revulsion.

Luis Berlanga, who had a hand in the script, has directed his picture so well that the mixture of comedy and macabre isn't as grisly as it sounds. His cast is excellent: Nino Manfredi as the practical-sensitive undertaker, Emma Penella as his wife whose earlier prettiness grows into matronly solidity, Jose Isbert as her father who amiably discusses his work as one might a routine chore. Along with the film's good humor and deadly serious distaste for the garrote, "Not on Your Life" has a lot of fascinating local color in Madrid and later in Palma de Majorca when Jose Luis takes his family along to enjoy the resort while he plies his trade. For a change, it's a pleasure to see a Spanish comedy of this sort instead of extravaganzas like "El Cid" or "Don Quixote."

It is no pleasure to see Roger Vadim's "Circle of Love," a re-make of the famous 1950 film, "La Ronde," which was based on Arthur Schnitzler's play, "Reigen." Vadim's chief claim to fame is in familiarizing us with Brigitte Bardot's undraped figure. Since then he's made a series of so-so films concerned mostly with sex. "Circle of Love" is worse than so-so; it is a peep show with a series of episodes involving a prostitute with a young soldier, young soldier with chambermaid, chambermaid with young gentleman, young gentleman with a wife, etc., etc., until the round is completed and we're back to the prostitute. The cast is undistinguished; Jean Anouilh's screenplay is pointless; the English dubbing is atrocious. A dull and senseless film.

The movie that started the recent ruckus about freedom from censorship in New York State is the Danish "A Stranger Knocks," which is now on our screens—although it has been playing in other states for some time. As a movie it is no great shakes. In the two much-discussed scenes of sexual intercourse,

director Johan Jacobsen focuses the camera on the woman's face (no sensationalist he). Less flesh is displayed than in "Circle of Love" and other traditional, titillating pictures. "A Stranger Knocks" is a rather colorless and at times silly film saying that there is a very thin line between love and hate. In 1947 a stranger comes to house of a widow whose husband was killed by a quisling during the war. The lonely widow takes the stranger in, feeds him, sleeps with him and apparently enjoys having him around. Then she realizes, from the scar on his arm, that he is the quisling responsible for her husband's death. Most of this is pretty

glum stuff, and one wonders, under the circumstances, why the woman didn't discover the obvious scar somewhat earlier.

Of "The White Voices," the less said the better. It is an Italian picture, allegedly a lusty satire about eighteenth-century *mores*, and the *castrati* in particular. Its hero, who fools everyone by not submitting to castration, romps through many a lady's chambers. He has a hilarious time. Viewers don't. The photography is stunning. So is the vulgarity of the plot.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS



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THOMAS CURLEY

This is a good novel with all its faults out in the open. I have no idea whether John Braine is a Catholic, but I'm sure he has written a book about Irish-Catholics in England that, let us say, no American Catholic could write about Catholics in America.

The central consciousness of the work (in the course of the book, Braine alludes to James in a way that makes such a term admissible) is Vincent Dungarvan, a young, unmarried man of thirty whose mother, with whom he lives, wants him to enter the priesthood. His paternal grandmother, on the other hand, is more of Jane Austen's mind; she says to him, "It's time you were married. A man of thirty has no business to be a bachelor."

The conflict throughout is primarily between Vincent's religion, orthodox (in the old unequivocal sense) Roman Catholic and his sexual desires. Early in the book he falls in love and sleeps with a librarian named Laura who is not a Catholic and who, he learns later, is divorced. He also has relations with his older brother's wife. When these

two facts are put beside the one that, as the novel begins, he has just broken off with an eligible girl, there is some plausibility to the judgment that Vincent is not for either side of the altar. But only plausibility. This book can easily be misjudged by the too fashionable.

What Braine has done is to take an ordinary man and imagine him according to his own standards. There are many today who, when confronted with Hamlet's decision *not* to kill Claudius because he is praying and is thus a likely candidate for heaven if killed, dismiss Hamlet's delay as an instance of his fatal indecision or of an unconscious sympathy for Claudius, since he had only done what Hamlet had wanted to do: kill his father and marry his mother. We find it well nigh impossible to accept Hamlet's version at face value.

Well, it seems to me that many people have as difficult a time accepting traditional Catholic morality as Hamlet's psychology. Braine, however, has done just that. Vincent Dungarvan is normal: educated, but not an intellectual; very much of his time and place, an Irish Catholic from the North of England with strong family ties. The sophisticated, when and if they read his story, might well exclaim, how quaint!

In the course of the novel, however, Braine has Vincent comment on the sophisticated. He goes to the local country club with Laura, and observes a group of young people who "... bore the same relation to the young people he knew as Klee's fishes and cats did to real cats and fishes, they belonged less to the West Riding than to London and less to London than New York and Paris and Copenhagen and West Berlin, they were people who showered rather than bathed, whose clothes were ... as easily taken off as put on: he would never live in their world and didn't want to, but ... he could be grateful to them simply because they weren't dingy or fat or poor ... they simply were themselves *without guilt or fear*" (my emphasis.) This description, particularly the last phrase, is striking in that it tells us so much about Vincent, for he has very clear guilts and fears, although his strong sense of self makes him capable of carrying the burden.

Pre-modern Catholics (and most Catholics are still pre-modern) have a very clear notion of right and wrong: the moral law is legible and the penalties for violating it are believed rather literally. They are not of the "modern tradition." For most of the book, Braine does not violate Vincent Dungarvan's integrity, letting him blunder credibly

on. The resolution of the novel, however, seems to me a bit forced.

Briefly, Laura, seeing that it is hopeless with Vincent, attempts to go back to her husband who, however, is a homosexual and cannot bear the thought of having a child with her. At one point, she thinks she's pregnant and tells the husband so; the husband asks Vincent if he has "seen" Laura recently and Vincent, intentionally and deceitfully says that he has. Not long after, the husband commits suicide and Laura, alone and miserable but free, comes and offers herself to Vincent who accepts her.

It is not so much that the ending does not tempt us to admire Vincent, that was never Braine's intention; it is, rather, that Robert's suicide takes Vincent out of his dilemma too easily. When, as he holds Laura at the end and thinks ". . . we have told each other the truth, and now we begin from here . . ." one wants to say, perhaps, but have you told yourself the truth? It all turned out so well: the inconvenient husband dead; his child by his brother's wife miscarried; his true love in his arms. Those young sophisticates he refused to envy might well envy him.

The Goldwater Caper

RICHARD ROVERE

Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95

FRANK GETLEIN

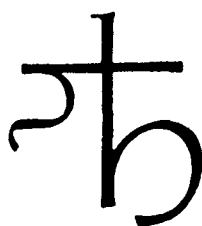
If you travel the Midwest much—or Midwestchester for that matter—you probably know a dozen versions of Barry Goldwater. He's a success at something and became such quite young, is utterly democratic in style, is completely sincere, is honestly disturbed by many of the really disturbing aspects of the society we live in, is not especially articulate, is warm, likeable, full of peripheral interests of a somewhat technological nature, is an outdoorsman of some kind, is healthy in every way. He is also a little dumb, suspects it and is genuinely humble about his intellectual ability. He has an

occasional flash of understanding but usually his political conversation is dull. He is much more interesting to talk to about any of his specialties in the mechanical line or any of the pieces of American terrain he has made his own.

It goes without saying that politics is beyond him. Usually he wants no part of it, not, as is sometimes thought, from any feeling that the people in politics are unworthy of his company, but simply because so much of political activity seems to him dull and tiresome, as indeed it is. Occasionally such a citizen gets trapped into running for the school board or even for state office. The reader finishes this collection of Richard Rovere's reports on the 1964 presidential election—mostly published originally in *The New Yorker*—with the conviction the Barry Goldwater is just such a man and that he did become a major candidate for the presidency of the United States in just such a way, with great personal reluctance, as a result of a series of accidents which steadily eliminated every one of the serious can-

didates for the Republican nomination, and because of the existence of the malcontent middle-class in the GOP at the level of county chairman. All these circumstances came together and Barry Goldwater became the candidate. He never had a chance at the presidency and has now retired to ham radio, color photography, jet flying and other expensive gadgetry.

Will he no' come back again? The odds are overwhelmingly against it, both from his own inclinations and from the extreme improbability of responsible Republicans allowing such a thing to happen twice. The Goldwater candidacy was a gag, really, that the candidate went along with and perhaps ended up half-believing in, but the hopeless incompetence of the effort, beautifully demonstrated by Mr. Rovere, complemented perfectly the essential implausibility of the mood behind Goldwater being inflated into an urgent national issue. During the campaign Tom Donnelly, a brilliant columnist for the Washington *Daily News*, analyzed the hard-core Goldwater support as the sick-and-



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tired vote, i.e., people who were sick and tired of television repairmen's high fees, sick and tired of muggings in the park, sick and tired of lazy cleaning women, sick and tired of the Supreme Court, sick and tired of thin walls in modern apartments, sick and tired of Sukarno, sick and tired of lousy service in restaurants, just plain sick and tired. Only the wildest fluke could give the sick and tired people their own candidate and that kind of lightning really doesn't strike twice.

The record in these reports, then, is of a unique phenomenon, the capture of a major American political party by a splinter group that wasn't even a splinter group, just a bunch of fed-up people. It's as if the remnants of the Greenwich Village beat world—another bunch of survivors of a vanished golden age—captured the Democratic mayoralty nomination for Norman Mailer. For one campaign only, the lunatics escaped and began running the asylum. A great part of the current interest in GOP politics is the effort of the keepers to recapture the keys.

The Goldwater Caper gives the story permanent form with embellishments by Bill Mauldin's cartoons of the period. The prose is a model of informed political reporting, eye-witness and mind-witness going on simultaneously all the time. The nature of the Goldwater effort is startlingly illuminated in such incidents as the helter-skelter scheduling of the press plane following the candidate, and the sudden realization by correspondents that they were witnessing, in city after city, an unprecedented and unbelievable sight: a South without Negroes.

The irony of the whole story lies just beyond the temporal scope of the book. Apparently the only person in the country to take Goldwater seriously was Lyndon Johnson. The rest of us knocked ourselves out with the unconstitutionality of Goldwater's implications about crime in the streets as a federal problem: Johnson was taking notes for future action. We all had a ball with Barry's ideas of bombing North Viet Nam: Johnson is doing it. The latest leakage from the White House about

Goldwater heresy becoming Johnsonian orthodoxy is the balanced budget itself, now predictable as a goal within a few years.

Will he no' come back again? He never left.

Catherine the Great

ZOE OLDENBOURG

Pantheon, \$5.95

RICHARD McLAUGHLIN

Perhaps no ruler outside of Frederick the Great cut a more arresting and colorful figure on the stage of eighteenth-century Europe than Catherine II, the Russian Empress. Zoe Oldenbourg, whose field has been largely historical fiction, illuminating the Middle Ages and chronicling the fearful struggle of the Albigensians, has turned her hand to writing a biography of this "enlightened despot" with all her usual pace and vitality.

Catherine has not wanted for biographers, both admirers and denigrators, and her own memoirs represent some of the frankest of royal revelations. Yet these same memoirs, despite their candor, have often been more misleading than helpful. Miss Oldenbourg has used them with caution, trusting to the veracity of the basic facts but not to the canny Catherine's word when it comes to their interpretation. Catherine may only have told what she wished to tell; above all she seems to have been seeking to justify herself in her own eyes. Miss Oldenbourg concludes tentatively that Catherine was not trying to falsify the record, and that she lied only on matters of comparative unimportance.

Zoe Oldenbourg believes that Catherine was less a genius than an extremely capable ruler, and that she was not so much guided by her own political ideas as she was "the docile instrument of a ruling class." Miss Oldenbourg also suggests that Catherine would have attracted less attention had she not been a woman. She was certainly disposed, for all her vigorous character, to "using specifically female

weapons to further her own position and power."

Miss Oldenbourg devotes almost three quarters of her book to the early part of Catherine's life—before she became "a sacred cow." The memoirs are perhaps at their most reliable in describing her arduous apprenticeship in politics. The reader is continually made aware of the unswerving ambition that carried this penniless daughter of a German princelet to the throne of Russia. Catherine tells us in her own words that she began dreaming of a crown when she was seven. "This idea of a crown began running in my head then like a tune, and has been running a lot in it ever since." And later she confesses, "I did not care about Peter, but I did about the crown."

Catherine was innately shrewd and clear-headed. She had to be, to put up with the jealousies and bullying tactics of the Empress Elizabeth. Certainly shrewdness and ambition were behind the patience she bore her husband, Grand Duke Peter, as his childishness bored her to distraction. It explains why she, finding him incapable of loving her, sought affection in the arms of different lovers.

This excessive side of her nature continues to shock every generation. While there is some excuse to be found in Catherine's early assertions that she would have been a faithful wife if a loving husband had been provided for her, Miss Oldenbourg refuses to white-wash Catherine's later amorous career, in which her great minister, Potemkin, even played the role of panderer. As to the question of the legitimacy of Catherine's heir, the general opinion has always been that Saltykov, her first lover, was the real father of Emperor Paul. "Whoever was his real father," writes Miss Oldenbourg, "young Paul was marked from birth by that heaviest of inheritances, a tottering throne waiting for the strongest to seize it."

That other unanswered question of of her rule—whether or not she instigated the assassination of her husband, Tsar Peter III—will always remain one of those historical riddles guaranteed to intrigue specialists and

iSDIOO

We tried it . . . and guess what? We goofed!

As almost anyone knows, the line of Hebrew at the top of the WITNESS page should have looked like this:

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Actually it came out like this:

אֵל לֹא אֶחָד לֵאלֹהִים אֲנִי לַיהוָה אֶחָד :

Phew! It was as if a Greek chorus forgot its lines. Faces turned red, teeth started gnashing, angry mutterings issued from the front office. Then came the mail. "Just curious," penned a pastor from Quarryville, Pa., "how many catechists called you on the inside-out, upside-down, hindside-foremost format of the *Shema Israel* in today's WITNESS."

"I could not let your unfortunate mistake with the *Shema Israel* go by without comment," wrote a seminarian from Cleveland. Then he quickly offered salve for our wounded egos: "However, I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the excellent quality of WITNESS . . . you are really bringing religion alive to our young people through your very imaginative application of the weekly liturgies to real-life situations. Several of my fellow students wait eagerly each week to see what you're going to do with the coming week's liturgy."

For that, we were almost glad of the goof. If there's one thing WITNESS has done since publication began last fall it's to show readers that the liturgy is not a formula or a posture, but a total response to Christ as He moves among us now.

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In case you're wondering what the *Shema Israel* was doing in WITNESS at all, it was part of a series on other faiths. Comments indicate that it's proving valuable in giving WITNESS readers an added respect and appreciation for their non-Catholic brothers.

Incidentally, that goofed-up copy of WITNESS may become a collector's item. If you'd like one with our compliments write: Editor, 'Editor, Rod Brownfield, WITNESS, 38 West Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio 45402.

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CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE AND NEGRO EMANCIPATION

by
Ralph Moellering

● "The contemporary racial crisis is brought into historical relationship with the slavery crisis of one hundred years ago. This is scientifically sound. There is a genuine cultural and ideological connection between slavery and desegregation, and the manuscript is an extended account of the record of the churches in the field of race relations. The record of the churches is related to their growing new sense of responsibility, and to concrete proposals as to how their responsibility may be met.

"For many Christians the book will provide new insights into the meaning of the gospel for race relations." **George D. Kelsey, Drew University.**

In the midst of the current social revolution, many thoughtful Christians are uncertain of themselves. What position—and action—should they take in race relations? Whom should they believe? What does the church say? This book deals with a commodity desperately needed at this time: facts as opposed to myths. The author challenges the myth that the white southerner is to blame for the entire racial problem in this country, and explores and exposes the northerner's involvement in the racial complications of our day. Urbanites and suburbanites are being drawn into the problem through the integration of neighborhoods, churches and places of business. In the light of these developments it is necessary to recognize that the present Negro drive for equality is not an "invasion" of the white man's rights.

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laymen for years to come. Miss Oldenbourg believes Catherine to be definitely implicated in the *Coup d'Etat* of June 1762—how could she not be?—but she is not at all certain how directly Catherine was involved in Peter's actual slaying.

Catherine's memoirs stop at her seizure of power. But the part of her story that she has left for posterity indicates that self-justification may not have been her sole motive. She obviously, as Miss Oldenbourg contends, enjoyed tracing her lost youth. Here, too, is further proof of that inner resourcefulness, without which Catherine would never have been able to remain uncorrupted while waiting to ascend the throne. "For 18 years I had led a life which would have rendered ten other women mad and 20 others in my place would have died of a broken heart."

Decline and Rise of Europe

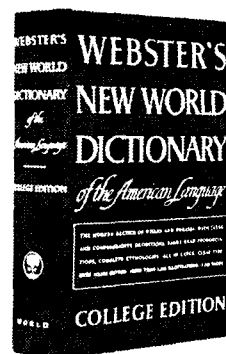
JOHN LUKACS

Doubleday, \$4.95

SAUL MALOFF

A. J. P. Taylor, that connoisseur of scholars' follies, remarks somewhere, in a very English metaphor of the pantry, that there are two kinds of historical writing—the plum pudding and dry biscuit varieties, citing his own work as an instance of the latter, and leaving the others nameless, probably (one imagines, recalling Mr. Taylor's rancorous wars with fellow-historians, one of them in particular) because he thinks them unspeakable.

In the "personal envoi" which concludes his *Decline and Rise of Europe*, John Lukacs tells us that he was born in Hungary in 1924 and fled his native land with the advent of the Soviet presence in 1946 to come to the United States—this upon entering a discussion of his personal and national "identity," a matter centrally relevant to his pre-occupations throughout the book. To force Taylor's culinary figure beyond permissible limits, it is just barely possible to say that Lukacs writes neither plum pudding nor dry biscuit but as it



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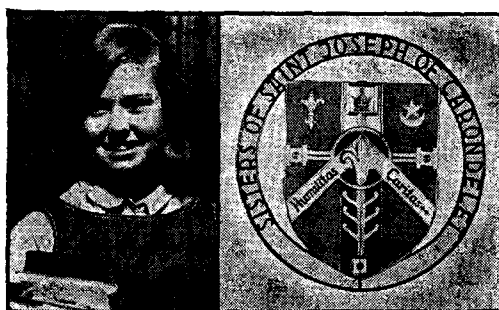
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were a kind of goulash. Where Taylor is British and empirical, Lukacs is European and speculative. Where for the one history is a series of events that *happened*, and no nonsense about it; for the other—in this book at least—history is a cluster of incipencies which may give rise to new forms of “consciousness.” Consciousness, indeed, is the book’s key term and real subject; and as it is the trickiest and most elusive of concepts, it gives rise to the book’s major difficulties.

More exactly, the subject of Lukacs’ book (which complements his previous *History of the Cold War*) is dual. As the title suggests, he is concerned with the decline of European power in this century—of the old, nationalistic state-system; but he is concerned with it for the purpose of recording its phoenix-like ascent in altered forms from the ashen ruins of World War II. That much is simple, and familiar enough; and Lukacs’ mapping of that ground is adequate but perfunctory, as if his heart weren’t really in it.

Lukacs is most joyous where the ground is least firm—where he is contemplating the history of an idea—European consciousness—and of a cluster of terms—Europe, European. Then, free-floating, he can range wide, giving full play to his taste for history on a grand scale, toying with Ages as if they were playthings of the mind, indulging his rather 19th-century taste for such ideas as “race” and “Christendom,” proclaiming the end of the Modern Age, announcing the advent of some uncertain new age. Discerning somewhere on the distant horizon the littlest of clouds, Lukacs prophesies, rain storm, what the thunder said, the most bountiful of crops.

But because, as he keeps reminding us, this consciousness is only fragmentary, incipient, far from an animating force as yet, if indeed it will ever become one, Lukacs must hedge. It is hard to see through the heavy weather of cold war politics. The phenomenon he speaks of does not exist save as hopeful rhetoric, the resonant phrases of politicians and ideologists trying to



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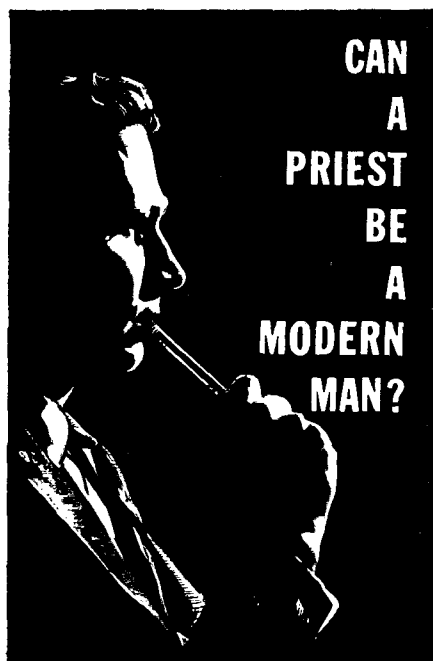
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steer some difficult course between the juggernauts to the East and West—Euramerica and Eurasia. Even more Lukacs must rely on the most insubstantial of shadows—the homage poets and philosophers pay to cherished sentiments, the tributes of such men as Valery, Croce, Bernanos, to the idea of Europe, of the European mind and soul, of a conception of man which is at the heart of our common feeling. Lukacs' point in devoting much of his book to an account of the post-war evolution of super-national institutions—the Marshall Plan, the Schuman Plan, the Common Market—is an attempt to anchor his hope in the solid ground of historical process; but to move from political-economic institutions of doubtful significance to a dream of a renaissance of consciousness while positing along the way a post-scientific, post-ideological, post-political age seems a mystifying leap of faith.

If "Decline and Rise" is nebulous at its center—it constantly announces its "principal theme" of the "ambiguous and, as yet, inadequate development of European consciousness" only to defer confrontation of it again and again—it is firm and immensely vital at the edges—and down below, in its footnotes. That is where Lukacs crams a lifetime's reading, along with much of his engaging crankiness and running warfare with other historians. His tone is hectoring, dogmatic, outrageous. Richard Hofstadter and George Lichtheim are dismissed summarily, as if they were errant schoolboys. Each line of some famous remarks by Randolph Bourne on American "half-breed" culture is "worth ten volumes by Professor Oscar Handlin." Lord Snow is not only intellectually inadequate, he is also spiritually and emotionally dishonest. That sort of thing. In general, American historians take a terrible beating. Toynbee and Burckhart fare well. One might have guessed as much.

Lukacs resolves no problems; and he certainly doesn't succeed in catching the phantom of European consciousness—a pursuit better left to poets in any case. He tells us what some ideologues have said about it—but that

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Dr. Bouscaren is Professor of Political Science at Le Moyne College in Syracuse. A former faculty member of the National War College in Washington, he has studied at Yale and the University of California, Berkeley.

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is another matter entirely. And he hopes fervently, and eloquently, for the emergence of a new, energizing consciousness—a Western European consciousness itself, not as contending states, but as a cultural unity. And he enlivens many of his pages with lively eccentricity and sprightly perceptions. That alone repays reading, however short he falls of his hopeless, quixotic intention. If we give him our assent, we do so because we ourselves cannot bear the prospect of the dissolution of whatever European consciousness is.

its one serious defect. In dealing with "The Essence of Religious Life," the author implicitly equates the religious vocation with the vocation to holiness in the Church. She writes: "When Christ said, 'If you will be perfect . . . come follow Me' (Matt. 19:21), the invitation was extended to all the people of God. Why, then, does it seem to be reserved to a comparative few to accept the call literally and withdraw, as did Abraham, to a strange land? Herein lies the mystery which can never be understood."

This passage and others like it fail to distinguish between the universal vocation of *all* Christians to love God and their neighbors perfectly, and the specific form which this universal calling receives in the life of the vows. Through an imprudent oversimplification, the author here gives the impression that religious hold some sort of monopoly rights on the vocation to Christian holiness. Surely sisters should be the first to reject such an attitude, and to underscore always and everywhere the grandeur of the call accepted

Sisters for the 21st Century

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SISTER HELEN JAMES JOHN

The subject of this book is "the process of growth, development and adaptation by religious women to contemporary times." It is a very broad subject, but Sister Bertrande gives us a thoroughly readable treatment of its numerous phases in a mere 364 pages. Her wide-angle view moves easily from the historical background of the religious life, to a detailed account of the recent Sister Formation movement, to illuminating observations on the formation of young religious, the vocation shortage, sister-laity relationships, and new horizons in teaching, nursing, and social service.

The *aggiornamento* among American sisters has already given rise to numerous publications applying the insights of theology, psychology and sociology to the problems of renovation in religious life and apostolic activities. But these studies have been addressed to the sisters themselves and have appeared in the published proceedings of workshops and in the *Sister Formation Bulletin*. Sister Bertrande's book may well be the first to report on the renewal in convents for those outside them; and as a rapid means of obtaining a minimal acquaintance with the recent activities of nuns, it answers to a long-felt and widespread need.

This makes all the more regrettable



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23 April 1965: 165

Mark Van Doren recently posed a significant question. How would we miss the liberal arts if they were totally gone from our society?

He answered by saying that, "It would be a society for one thing in which discourse did not go on, in which conversation had died, in which ideas had ceased to be exchanged, in which argument had stopped, in which there was neither argument nor disagreement. I suppose it would be a world of beasts."

Last May, we at Mundelein stepped up our campaign to combat the possibility of just such a world ever coming to be. It's all based on a newly revised curriculum which presents a rather interesting concept in the field of higher education for women. You might say it revolves around discourse, conversation, exchange, argument, agreement, and disagreement.

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by every Christian in the vows of his Baptism.

There are many mansions in the Sister Formation movement. No one author can adequately represent all of them, nor does Sister Bertrande claim to do so. Thus, as president of Marillac College in St. Louis, she is among those who hold that young sisters should ideally be educated in institutions designed exclusively for them. Her account of the sisters-only program at Marillac is interesting indeed; but it might well be balanced by a similar treatment of one of the centers formed in collaboration with existing Catholic universities, such as the one set up by the Sisters of the Precious Blood at St. Louis University.

In the numerous other areas which she touches, Sister Bertrande's presentation of the problems is clear and informative. Her value judgments, on such questions as horaria, extra-curricular apostolates, and the relation of initiative to obedience, seem to represent a somewhat conservative position on topics currently under discussion among American nuns. This conservatism may be explained by her reluctance to propose changes beyond the limits of existing Canon Law.

By and large, *Sisters for the 21st Century* may well serve as a *vade mecum* to a very important phase in today's renewal of the Church. Sisters will not find in it anything very surprising, though it will serve them as a compact historical survey, equipped with a fine index to facilitate its use as a reference tool. But laymen and priests should draw from it both a new respect for the intelligence and practicability of religious women, and a new understanding of the problems confronting them.

Ataturk

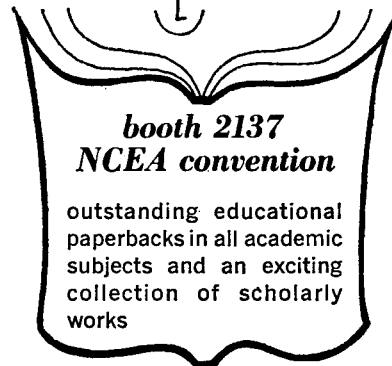
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ketplace of the most desolate village in Anatolia, busts and statues of Kemal Ataturk gaze sternly down on his people. On almost every vacant patch of wall in Turkey, photographs of his hard, handsome face remind the nation of his immortality.

Ataturk has been dead for a quarter of a century, yet he still continues to be the Father of Turkey. Symbol of a secular state, he is venerated, and his name, like some magic incantation, is invoked by every politician to justify his policies. Though, privately, Turkish intellectuals deplore the militaristic, reactionary influence his name continues to exert, few of them would be so rash as to criticize him publicly or even to apply objective standards of judgment to the scale of his achievements.

The Western world has long been familiar with some of his achievements as a soldier and statesman, yet the man himself has been unknown outside Turkey. Until now he has been known to many English-speaking readers mainly through Armstrong's caricature of him as the snarling, schizophrenic Grey Wolf of Angora. Lord Kinross has given us a life-sized portrait of the man. His book is a splendid culmination of his intimacy with Turkish politics and history. He has used great masses of published and unpublished sources, including documents in the presidential archives in Ankara, and has filled in the gaps by interviewing many of Ataturk's contemporaries. After the platitudinous recitals of Hitler's crimes and the objective but irrelevant analyses of Mussolini's blunders, this study of a benevolent dictator makes fascinating reading.

Kemal's life, until his death in 1938, was one of great struggle fought on many fronts, civilian and military, foreign and domestic; intrigue, generalship, persuasion, ruthlessness, charm, an ingrained agnosticism, all fused in a genius for leadership that created a powerful and secular state out of a decaying and reactionary empire.

Between 1919 and 1924, he created a representative assembly in Ankara, annihilated the invading Greek armies, diplomatically outmaneuvered the Al-

lied occupying powers, overthrew the Constantinople government and abolished the Sultanate and Caliphate. In their place he established himself as dictator, though, as he himself compared his rule to Hitler's, "I liberated a people, not enslaved it."

And this he did with energy and ruthlessness. He liberated a nation from the fetters of medievalism and dragged it into the twentieth century. The Arab script, used for centuries in Islam, was replaced by the Latin alphabet. Women were unveiled and men were forbidden

to wear the fez, the symbol of the past. Rapid industrialization, foreign alliances, intensive educational programs and even some semblance of parliamentary opposition—all these he introduced. "Remain yourselves," Ataturk told his countrymen, "but learn how to take from the West what is indispensable to an evolved people. Admit science and new ideas into your lives. If you do not, they will devour you."

Like many dictators, he had a flair for drama. He stumped the country with a blackboard and easel, teaching

SETON HALL

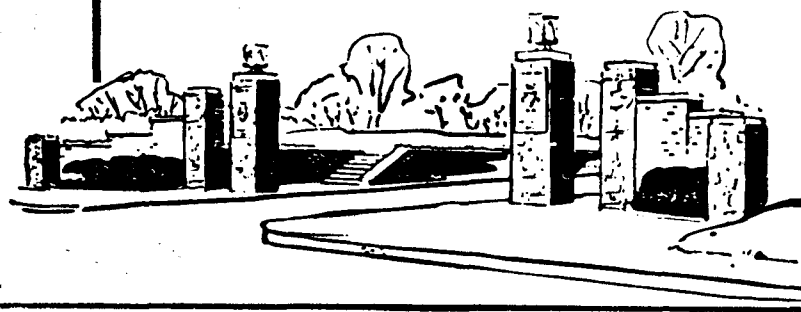
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23 April 1965: 167

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the new alphabet to the people. And he did not hesitate to castigate anyone who appeared at his meetings in traditional Turkish dress. He had an astonishing ability to talk, delivering a speech on one occasion that lasted six days. But unlike most dictators, and perhaps he was unique in this, he was essentially a pragmatist. He was only doctrinaire when urging reform.

Although Lord Kinross writes as an admirer, he does not try to conceal the contradictions that riddled Ataturk's life. The man who reformed Turkey's Civil Code, introducing divorce and the freedom and dignity of women, showed no scruple in repudiating his wife in the clearest-cut Moslem fashion when she irritated him. Similarly, the democrat, who achieved power through the exercise of the national will, became a dictator "not in order to obtain power but after he had done so already." The reformer, who changed and purified the nation's language, spent much of his later years in linguistic and historical fantasies induced by charlatans. Realizing the limited scope of his reforms outside Turkey's three main cities, he sank into a premature old age marred by increasing isolation, frustration and alcoholism.

As Lord Kinross shows, the tragedy of Ataturk was that in late life he spent too much time surrounded by bad companions. Perhaps he was driven to seek such company by his abhorrence of yes-men who not only refused to disagree with him, but also, while professing their acceptance of his plans, did nothing to further them. Too often the administration of the Republic was a show in which most of the cast stood and applauded the star instead of playing their own roles.

However, even during his degeneracy in the 1930's, he retained his amazing intuitive grasp of foreign affairs. As early as 1934, he predicted the course of World War II to General MacArthur. Of Mussolini, "whom he saw as a civilian strutting about in uniform like an actor pretending to be a soldier," he predicted "he will be hanged by his people one of these days."

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What has been Ataturk's legacy to modern Turkey? Whether his achievements were as permanent as Lord Kinross suggests in his epilogue is debatable. The author believes that Ataturk left his nation strong foundations and a national ideal, rooted in patriotism and nourished by a new self-respect. Although Ataturk has entered the mythology of his people, one doubts whether his legend is as strong as that of Gandhi in India. Like Gandhi, with whom he otherwise had little in common, Ataturk made a country into a nation, but did not live to see the fulfillment of his dreams.

Voices of a Summer Day

IRWIN SHAW

Delacorte Press, \$4.95

ANITA FELDMAN

This is Irwin Shaw's first novel in several years—the voices of its title are in that sense “speech after long silence.” The year 1960 and the other years of the unimaginable future which haunts *The Young Lions* are here part of the assimilated (or not quite assimilated) past. The book moves in memory, rather than sensation or passion, toward a wisdom its central figure, Benjamin Federov, associates with settled middle age, if not actual bodily decrepitude. As Federov puts it, writing to his Gentile wife about her indignation at the friends who belong to the restricted country club in his Long Island town, “I am no longer young . . . I do not have enough anger left for all causes. I must ration it wisely.” (Federov is an architect, prosperous after depression-years’ struggles, aged over fifty. Although, in his youth, he enjoyed reading Keats as much as he liked playing football, he apparently read a lot of Hemingway in his formative years. He does not, in the course of the book, evince much anger in connection with causes, but maybe that’s in another book.)

Voices of a Summer Day is a loose weave of associations and reveries framed by an afternoon whose events

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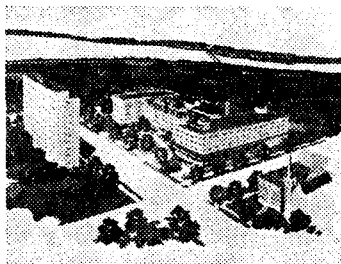
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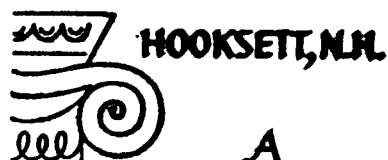
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constitute a series of small epiphanies and pregnantly typical encounters, culminating in an incident which enables Federov to decide a) that he will, after all, go on living (This is the first inkling that he'd been considering any other possibility), b) that he does, after all, love his wife ("all" in this instance is his case of perpetual, irresistible seven-year itch), and c) who were the good guys, and who were the bad guys, and (roughly) why, in the parade of memories and incidents the afternoon has evoked.

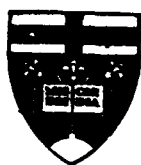
Federov does not come off as a character—his main function seems to be to provide the thematic associations from which Shaw's stories—and the book is really a connected series of stories—depend. The Sacco-Vanzetti case is a central motif, with subordinate themes involving, for the most part, various instances of crucial engagement and disengagement in relation to people and events. If drama is the art of significant juxtaposition, Shaw is most effective in dramatic terms, even in his fiction, and is most successful in the role of ironist, probing for meaning in terms of questions rather than answers, weaving personal history with public events in a way which illuminates both.

When Shaw sets up a situation and lets it work for him he can be effective and convincing. In an account of a summer camp outing, for example, the Sacco-Vanzetti executive operates only as a meaningless external event, and the personal conflicts of the boys create an ironic reverse image of the public situation. Yet, at other times, having made his point in terms of situations and events, Shaw attempts to move his story forward in terms of meaning, and succeeds only in being redundant. This is only annoying, but becomes downright irritating when Shaw demands a more engaged reaction from the reader than the content of Federov's experience deserves, or strains for an intensity which could only come after prolonged development, and is embarrassing in the context of an anecdotal account. At such times I imagine life saying to him, like another famous ironist, "Do not under-

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stand me too soon."

In a way, Shaw seems a prisoner of his style, in which what operates most strongly is a kind of cool, deadpan approach which in Hemingway was part of a stoic withdrawal. But in Hemingway's world the question of value is settled. We know who the good guys and the bad guys are without being told, and the action unfolds on a hard surface beneath which, however, there is a feeling of a deep passionate, or sensational or instinctive life. For Benjamin Federov, however, disengagement is a mask of accommodation to a convention—it is a mask chosen, not made by him. He can be understated and deadpan, as a camera eye imposing unity upon the glancing revelations and ironic juxtapositions which occur throughout the book. But when we are presented, at the end of the book, with a synthesis in which disengagement is equated with evil and engagement with good, it is as if, aside from the oversimplification involved, the camera turned toward us at the end of a movie and urged us to visit the Metropolitan Museum. The cool style can embody a comic or stoic vision, but when it attempts to evoke commitment or humanity as a meaning imposed upon a concrete situation, it becomes only a convention or a mannerism, and an inappropriate one at that.



REVIEWERS

THOMAS CURLEY is the author of *Past Eve and Adam's*, and a regular reviewer of fiction.

FRANK GETLEIN is art critic for *The New Republic* and author of *The Trouble With Catholics*.

RICHARD MC LAUGHLIN, a regular contributor to *Commonweal*, is director of Coleridge Press.

SAUL MALOFF is Book Editor of *Newsweek*.

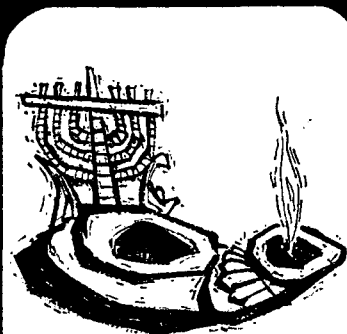
SISTER HELEN JAMES JOHN, S.N.D. is a member of the philosophy department at Trinity College, Washington, D.C.

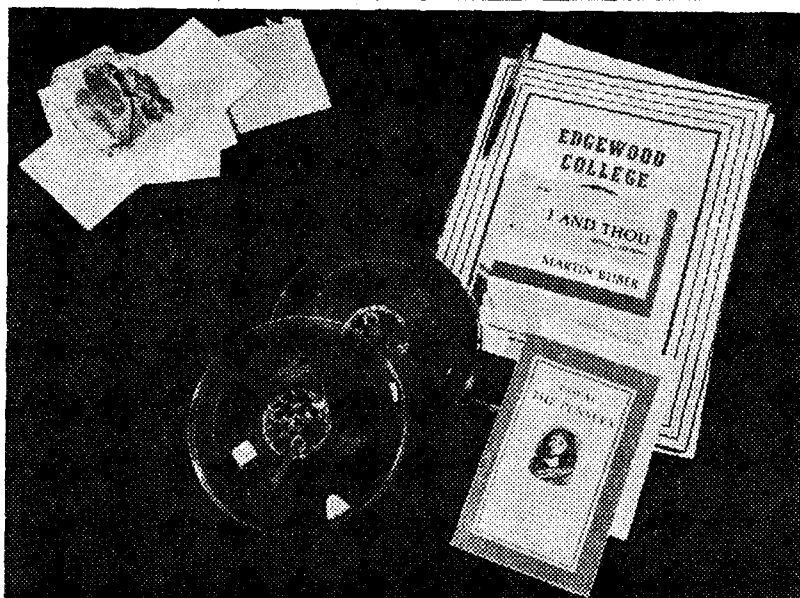
GABRIEL GERSH writes frequently on social and cultural matters for this and other magazines.

ANITA FELDMAN is a free lance writer and critic.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 133)

reality of Christ's Redemptive Act made present is there behind the often hurried, mumbled, seemingly meaningless action we watch on the altar. We have had a *real* encounter with Christ, hidden though it may seem, behind the rapid absolution and the "Say three Hail Mary's and pray for me" of too many confessionals. The Holy Spirit *does* speak to us through the usual irrelevant, childish, sometimes heretical sermons we have heard over the years in most of these 16 parishes. (Like Mr. Sheed, this often seems to be the most difficult aspect of all to believe. I wait to hear about the essence of Christian life—love of God and neighbor—and, unlike the sermons Mr. Sheed heard on swearing, I shudder to remember one a year ago comparing life to a supermarket with the last judgment as the check-out counter!)

Do not the will power, the mental gymnastics and the effort required to convince ourselves of the reality of this Alice-in-Wonderland world where "nothing is as it seems," deny something in us very basic and very *human*? And if our parish life (with rare and glorious exceptions) continues irrelevant to all the real problems of daily Christian life, do we just accept this and blame it on the fact that our parishes are made up of human beings? As Mr. Sheed says, "This seems to come back to us as a recorded announcement whatever coin we put in the machine." We've "heard this all our lives" but is it really human and right, and must it be? Must my children grow up to this same basically inhuman situation? Will they someday know the awful loneliness and emptiness I experienced during recent years in the South where the Church was so totally removed and irrelevant to the agonizing day-to-day decisions I had to make in the area of race? I found Christ in the midst of those painful days but so often it seemed this was in spite of the parish not because of it. And yet, Vatican II

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gives us hope, and always I come back to, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

L. R. CALDWELL

The Newspapers

Miami, Fla.

To the Editors: Nobody knows better than reporters who work for them that newspapers are far from perfect, but David Cort was, in my opinion, very unfair in his broadscale attack ["The Vulgar Press," March 12].

Since I am only a reporter, I will leave it to the editors and publishers to answer him fully. But I would like to get some evidence in the record.

I am one of the Miami *Herald's* veteran reporters, the kind assigned to stories that our editors consider particularly important. Last year I devoted my time to reviewing and exposing the activities of our Public Utilities Commission, which we attacked as not properly serving the public; to considerable research that proved that property values do not go down when Negroes move into once all-white neighborhoods; to explaining the plight of the people in the slums and flaying city hall for not enforcing its building code; to watchdogging what little public land we still have left to keep it from passing to private hands.

This is not to brag, but to point out that like many other newspapers, the *Herald* tries to live up to its responsibilities of civic leadership.

I find among my colleagues much concern for and dedication to the public interest. We really do care, and we try.

I believe Mr. Cort's problem was that he was not sufficiently informed on his subject.

JUANITA GREENE

Reply

To the Editors: Surely a reporter should be the first to acknowledge the newspaper's conscious and necessary vulgarity, which is a matter of style and selectivity. The newspaper sentence, paragraph and headline are all deliberately vulgar. To grasp the real world, one must know a lot that never

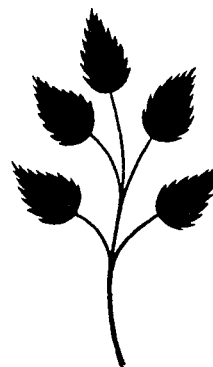
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It is agreed, and was said again and again, that in America, the newspapers are indispensable. But it can also be said again that they are far from adequate. Self-righteousness sits very uneasily on a reporter.

DAVID CORT

"Produce or Withdraw"

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: In his article in your January 29th issue ["Catholic Colleges: A Modest Proposal"] Dr. Leonard Swidler implies that I believe "that Catholic universities will produce better intellectual leaders than the secular university."

I have asked Dr. Swidler on two occasions to either produce documentation for this charge or to withdraw the charge. Dr. Swidler has refused to do either. I am, therefore, compelled to say that Dr. Swidler's statement is a total falsehood. I would further note that it seems to me to be very unprofessional for one scholar to make an accusation about another scholar and then refuse either to document or withdraw it. (REV.) ANDREW M. GREELEY

Reply

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors: When Father Andrew Greeley first wrote me on January 29, 1965 to challenge my attributing to him the notion that Catholic universities will produce better leaders than secular universities, I replied to him by referring to statements he made from which I concluded that he held the above position.

I also remarked to him that if I was wrong in drawing the conclusions I did that "The simplest and most effective way to make that point clear, I believe, would be for you to make a brief statement to that effect in a letter to COMMONWEAL. It might serve as a worthwhile occasion for you to clear up any misunderstanding in the minds of other readers who may have received the same impression as I did."

Father Greeley replied in detail insisting that he did not hold the posi-

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tion I attributed to him, but also stated he did not choose to write to COMMONWEAL.

I was very happy to learn I was mistaken about Father Greeley's position, and am also glad to see that he changed his mind and decided to write to COMMONWEAL about it. LEONARD SWIDLER

"Men of Peace"

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: "I am unable to deny the state the right to use force if necessary to protect the common good, and I think it wrong to let evil triumph," writes James O'Gara ["Men of Peace," March 19]. It seems to me that we all agree with him on the latter, pacifists or non-pacifists. However, we may differ on the manner of resisting evil. As to the first part of the sentence, one may ask what is the "common good."

There is no easy answer; the common good viewed by a Hitler obviously is not the same as viewed by James O'Gara. And isn't it rather arrogant on our part to assume that *we* know what is the common good for South Vietnam and to use force to protect our view? Better, we could also ask ourselves whether there is any such thing as a "common good" unless it benefits the whole planet. The memorable phrase, "What is good for General Motors is good for the United States," seems to have been extended to "What is good for the United States is good for the whole world." Is it? And if not, could it even be good for the United States?

The war in South Vietnam is as senseless, as devastating, as shortsighted and inhuman as the Algerian war was, and this with even less possible justification. Thank God for those who signed the Declaration of Conscience, the Fathers Berrigan included. Many of us—and I am one of them—are of the same mind. So far we have not felt equal to pay for "the cost of discipleship," as martyr Bonhoeffer put it, and face arrest and jail sentence. At least, let the signers know that we are humbly and deeply grateful to them for their stand.

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